THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV
No. 1771

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 30
1933

Indigestion is the bane of existence to thousands and indicates, generally, an over-acid condition of the stomach. So long as that prevails, the normal digestive processes cannot proceed. It is easily corrected by a century-old preparation more widely used than ever to-day. Invaluable for acidity, heartburn, headache, indigestion, flatulence, bilious affections and allied complaints.

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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by Sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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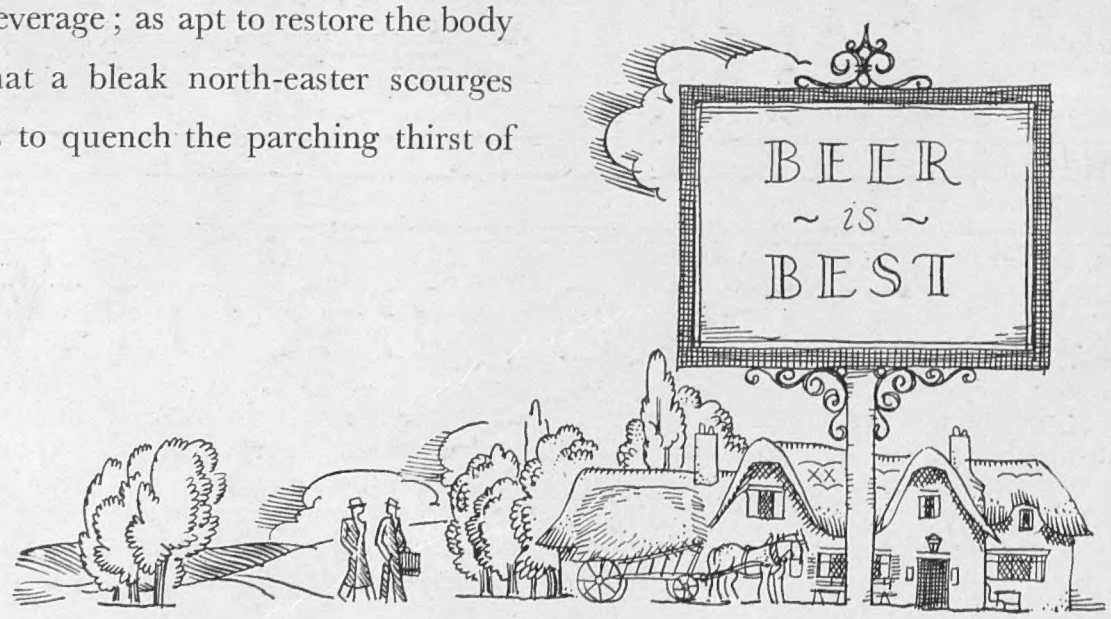
BEER

UP and down the world, wherever you go, you will find that proverbial wisdom prescribes the wine of the country as the best drink of all. And what could be more logical than to assume that men will thrive best upon the fruits of the self-same land that bore them?

Here in Britain our native wine is beer, brewed from the finest barley-malt, with hops, sugar, and yeast. This, as befits our climate, is a mild, luxurious, and heartening beverage; as apt to restore the body that a bleak north-easter scourges as to quench the parching thirst of summer—as grateful in the sunshine of June as in December's firelight.

When next you drink a glass of beer, give a thought to the elements that went to the brewing of its amber contents. Barley-malt for digestion, hops for appetite, sugar for energy, yeast for vitality. What could there be more wholesome? What more indeed could the body or the heart of man desire? Rejoice then in the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of—the wine of our country—beer!



THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 30, 1933

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY

Over 200 Holidaymakers Killed in the Railway Disaster on the Chemin de Fer de l'Est, Near Paris

Christmas celebrations in France were overshadowed by one of the worst disasters in the annals of the French railways, when on Saturday evening a Paris-Strasbourg express, travelling at 65 m.p.h. in a dense fog, crashed into the back of a stationary Paris-Nancy train and reduced the last five coaches of the latter almost to matchwood. The tragedy occurred at Pomponne, some fifteen miles from the capital, and at least 200 holidaymakers were killed and 200 injured. The heavy mountain class locomotive of the Strasbourg express ploughed through the wooden coaches of the Nancy train in a few seconds, sweeping everything before it in its headlong career. The most heartrending feature was the number of children who were killed, most of whom were going with their parents to stay in the country over Christmas. It was at least an hour before it was possible to render first aid and in the fog and the icy cold rescue work could be carried on only with the utmost difficulty. A breakdown in the signalling apparatus is believed to have been the cause of the disaster. This picture shows in the background the still standing steel coaches of the Strasbourg express with fragments of the shattered Nancy train scattered on the track in the foreground. (Further pictures will be found on p. 501)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWS-LETTER

THE SLOAN BROTHERS, expert stilt walkers and members of the Bertram Mills Circus, gave the children in Hyde Park a thrill last week when they took their morning stroll

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 27, 1933.

1933—A RETROSPECT.—The year which has just closed was decreed as from April, 1933, as a Holy Year by the Pope—a year of prayer and intercession and a resolute return to the principles of Christianity. I record it without cynicism but with sorrow. Its fruits will perhaps ripen next year. Its buds are at the moment very unpromising. The year 1933 opened distressfully. There were 'flu and the Irish elections and the body-line controversy; the *Atlantique* was burned out, and Calvin Coolidge died—all in the first week of the new year. Then came a bus strike in London and de Valera's triumph in the Free State elections. The French and German Cabinets fell on January 28 and Hitler became Chancellor on the 30th. Moore and Galsworthy both died in January. February is connected in my memory with a sickening sufficiency of 'flu and body-line fever. It contained two important events — Japan withdrew from the League, and the Reichstag was set on fire. The latter event we have had no excuse for forgetting. In March the Japanese armies entered Jehol, and Roosevelt's Presidency began. By the middle of the month the U.S. banks reopened for business. In England the Premier intervened, hopefully as it then seemed, at Geneva, and the Indian White Paper issued. The chief sensation of April was the Moscow trial, until towards the end of the month America went off gold. The flight over Everest was achieved and the U.S. *Akron* was lost. Braced by a superbly fine Easter holiday, we received Mr. Chamberlain's cheerless Budget with fortitude. The Premier was now on a mission to America. He was much on his travels in the early part of last year and was always coming home bearing his sheaves, but the grain proved curiously disappointing.

HIGH HOPES SHATTERED.—In May, de Valera abolished the oath of allegiance and Roosevelt addressed the world on Disarmament. We began to think we had found a world leader, but we were wrong. Roosevelt has not emerged from his own back yard since—poor man, how could he? In England, now as ever, the great event of May is (although dynasties may rock) the Derby, and Lord Derby took the blue ribbon with Hyperion. What high hopes June held! The stage was all set for releasing the waters of trade at South Kensington, and on June 12 the King opened the World Economic Conference. Looking back now, we realize that our hopes had no sure foundation. The thing was doomed from birth, still-born. It hung on all June, but at the beginning of July Roosevelt killed it with a word, and turned back to his vital task of organizing his new N.I.R.A.; and we all streamed away to Wimbledon to watch Crawford win the Singles. The weather grew hotter and lovelier and surer all the time and every holiday was perfection—an antidote to political disappointments. September opened with the murder of Mr. Burge at Midnapore and the revolution in Cuba. Lord Grey died on the 7th, and Dr. Dollfuss became Dictator in Austria on the 20th. Every week of the year some new instance of the ruthless and clear-cut policy of Hitler surprised or shocked the watching world. In October, Germany caused a painful world sensation by withdrawing from the League and the Arms Conference, and Mr. Vernon Bartlett walked boldly into the limelight with a sympathetic explanation of her action. Mr. Roosevelt announced his gold policy and America shut her front door *pro tem.* on Europe.

IN HIS FAVOURITE ROLE: Mr. Seymour Hicks made his début in a full-length radio play when he took the part of Scrooge in the B.B.C. production of *A Christmas Carol*. Mr. Hanson, a studio official, clanked the chains of "Marley's ghost"

REVIVING HOPES.—The National Government obtained from East Fulham an unexpected proof that this country was not pleased with its efforts to bring about a measure of disarmament, and during November the Cabinet by more active propaganda sought to justify its actions, and on the whole succeeded in doing so. Two French Governments fell in quick succession over the policy of balancing the National Budget. In December the Spanish elections revealed a remarkable reaction against the iconoclasm, religious persecution, and class injustice of the Government. France, under M. Chautemps, pulled herself together and saved her political and economic face at the eleventh hour. Mr. Chamberlain gave us a welcome Christmas present in a very confident prophecy of a Budget surplus; while the announcement of a State subsidy for the giant Cunarder and the tell-tale figures of increasing trade seemed to justify a mild return of optimism. In America statistics proved that the Roosevelt plan had borne remarkable fruit in the reduction of unemployment by several millions. And so, at home and abroad, the world came to its New Year's Eve in a condition of reviving, if sober, hope that the general economic plight was pulling round and that the major problems of international politics might yet achieve solutions or, at least, continue into 1934 as problems capable of solution.

FESTIVE PADDINGTON: Holiday-makers comed by a seasonable decorative dis gifts at a stall near

THE YEAR'S OBITUARY.—Of the public characters who died in 1933 must be mentioned ex-President Coolidge; Lord Chelmsford, who, after a useful career in the public service, had just settled in as Warden of All Souls; the Duke of the Abruzzi, famous as scientist and explorer; Lord Burnham, than whom none had a higher reputation in journalism and public service; Dr. Dillon, the famous European newspaper correspondent; Sir John Ellerman, whose death duties were computed to represent 6d. off income tax; Lord Grey of Fallodon; Lord Methuen, that veteran Field-Marshal; and Sir William Robertson, who by sheer ability and power of work, allied to golden common sense, rose from private to the highest rank in the army. Literature and the arts were the poorer by the deaths of George Moore, Galsworthy, George Saintsbury, Fred Terry, E. T. Reed, Pachmann, Dorothea Baird, Lady Butler, de Groot the violinist, Mrs. Annie Besant, Anny Ahlers the rising star, Sir David Murray, Temple Thurston, and Leonard Huxley, to name a few from a varied list. The tempestuous Bottomley died also, having fought his innumerable fights and enjoyed more than an ordinary share of the garish limelight.

1933 AND ITS WEATHER RECORD.—Unquestionably the honours of the year went not to man but to Nature. From the weather point of view, we shall never look upon its

like again. There was not a public holiday which was not golden, not a month which did not produce its delights and its welcome records. All year through the sun shone cheerfully on us, the rain supplying discreetly the bare minimum required for our needs. The droughts were local and seldom disastrous. It was such a fruit year as few can remember; it was a year of which the mixed farmer at least could not complain. And despite sunshine, heat waves, and drought, we were treated to autumn colouring rarely so beautiful. And all looks well for 1934. We come to it with the feeling that we have put a notable part of winter behind us and finished with one at least of our customary cold snaps, with its manifest advantages to the garden and the fields. This famous summer caught the public imagination and greatly stimulated a number of open-air activities. The poor boatmen prospered; open-air bathing and refreshment became more widely fashionable, and Lidos sprang up along all the trunk roads, and have come to be regarded as necessities for every self-respecting road-house and a public amenity which no efficient district council must fail to supply. It is a fashion of thought which will persist until the first cold and wet summer comes round again.

riving at the G.W.R. terminus were wel- ay and were able to purchase last-minute e arrival platforms

THE YEAR'S BOOKS.—

Of the thousands of new books published during 1933 it is difficult to give a reasoned review in a short paragraph. It was not a year remarkable for great novels. One is safest with biographies. The art of biography attained to an easy grace in our day, and my chief criticism of our triumphant biographers is that they acknowledge hardly at all their great debt to those pioneers in "two volume biographies" who dug out the facts—the dull facts—from which the new school evolve their sparkling psychological theories and attractive studies. Mr. Churchill cannot be accused of not digging for himself. He and his team of workers combed the earth for the truth about Marlborough, and if his first volume is partisan, it is also exhaustively documented, and I for one have never doubted that a great biographer must be a partisan. Other biographies which I enjoyed were Channon's *Ludwigs of Bavaria*, Watson's *Surtees*, Zweig's terrible *Marie Antoinette*, Miss Campbell's *Duchess of Marlborough*, *Josephus*, and *Grey Wolf*, and Timothy Eden's vivid but clumsily-titled sketch of his tempestuous and erratic father. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs*, and Riddell's informal commentaries thereon in his *Intimate Diaries* were stimulating, if somewhat depressing, and the best of all war literature was Chapman's *Passionate Prodigality*. I read with great pleasure Sutherland's *Arches of the Years*, and with sympathetic interest Grenfell's *Forty Years for Labrador*. I revelled in *Cold Comfort Farm*, the finest satire on a literary phase which we have run to death. Perhaps because I came fresh from it to a much-discussed romance, my reaction to this "work of supreme genius and imagination" was a feeling of acute contempt for our critics who are too prone to measure genius by length, obscurity, prolixity, and most of all what *they* call realism and a few of us call disordered imagination, or sex mania. As is customary to-day, two or three historical characters were singled out for half-a-dozen studies each. It seems that the public cannot have enough about Victoria and her age, about King Edward, about Charles I and Charles II, about Henry VIII and about Elizabeth. But we learn few new facts, we are treated merely to theorization upon known facts. At the end of it all, I return with relief and thanksgiving to D.N.B., which gets all too little acknowledgment from the clever young men who constantly poach on its preserves and pillage its orchards without so much as a by-your-leave.

AN ARTISTIC SETTING FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL: The "Sun Worship" drop cloth designed by Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A. It measures 140 ft. by 60 ft. and will cover the space where the organ stands

THE DRAMA.—

One would not describe the past year as one notable for drama. Perhaps the happiest omen was due to the fine summer. Certainly Mr. Carroll's success with Shakespeare in the open-air under Mr. Atkins's brilliant production was a heartening sign of the times. Miss Mackintosh from Inverness snatched the laurels of the year with her *Richard of Bordeaux*. She was faithful to the history primers and, indeed, almost ingenuous, but her simplicity and sympathy made her theory of Richard a live thing. Novello's *Fresh Fields* and Shairp's *Green Bay Tree* enjoyed long runs, and *Christopher Bean* deserved all he got. Shakespeare, I am glad to say, prospered everywhere, but not financially in his birth- and death-place. And it is clear that the entertainment tax requires modification if the greatest dramatist and poet of all time is to continue as a live force in uplifting and educating a nation sadly in need of improvement in its tastes.

RADICAL CHANGES IN THE LAW.—

The pre-eminence of our judicial system is a national glory. We are jealous of its traditions and are sometimes apt to think that its splendid efficiency has survived because we are chary of laying hands on its elaborately built-up joists and beams and buttresses. The very contrary is the case. Our legal system continues efficient because it is constantly being brought up-to-date. The second interim report of the Committee over which the Master of the Rolls has long presided recommends tremendous changes in the administration and the procedure of the Courts, and it is remarkable that the Committee has been so nearly unanimous. It proposes to sweep away the old anomaly of Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty; to transfer Probate to the Court of Chancery, and Divorce and Admiralty to the King's Bench. King's Bench judges already deal with Divorce on circuit, and Divorce and Admiralty judges would cease to exist as such. Reform in the Appellate Courts would entail the abolition of the grade of Lords Justices of Appeal and the selection of Puisne judges for that function. Furthermore, the Court of Criminal Appeal would form part of the Court of Appeal. This last seems to me the most contentious of all proposed changes. For the rest the Committee recommends the abolition of three Assizes and the amalgamation of certain circuits. This report will give lawyers plenty to talk about during the holidays.

CHIMERA TO THE END.

—A chimera is a monster with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail. A chimerical year has ended with keen speculation concerning two such portents. The description I have given very well suits the Loch Ness monster. The other chimera is House of Lords reform. Nearly all realize that reform of the Upper House is a perfect specimen of a chimera.

THE OLD STAGER

ALICIA MARKOVA, as she will appear in the French ballet, *Giselle*, which is due to open at the Old Vic Theatre on January 1. She is being partnered by Anton Dolin, and her role is that of an innocent peasant girl who is betrayed by a prince, loses her reason, and, Ophelia like, dies. In a second scene, the prince, mourning over her grave, evokes her spirit and they dance together. Pavlova and Karsavina both won fame in this most exacting part

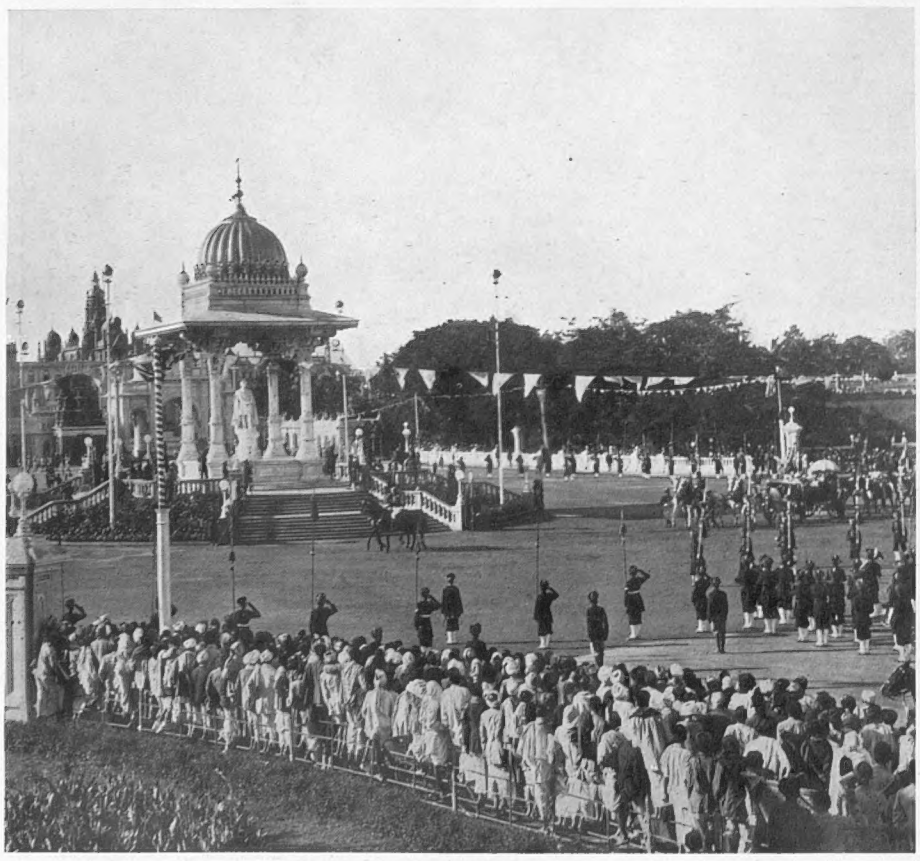
A FOREIGN SURVEY

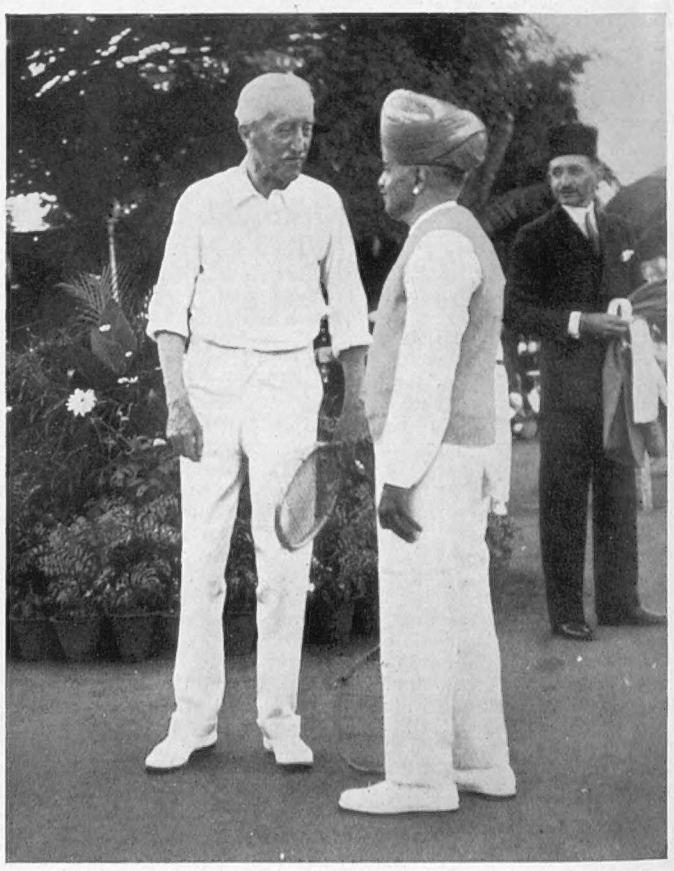
SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE: Viscountess Saito, wife of the Japanese Prime Minister (centre), and Mrs. Ichiro Hatoyama (wearing spectacles), wife of the Education Minister, contributing to the special street collection organized to assist underfed children of the poor of Tokyo

WHEN MONARCHS MEET: King Alexander of Yugoslavia, Queen Johanna of Bulgaria, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, and King Boris of Bulgaria, seen in Belgrade during the Bulgarian Royal visit to Yugoslavia. The two Kings met to conclude a treaty of friendship and non-aggression

A DRAMATIC PLEA IN THE LEIPZIG SUPREME COURT: Dr. Sach delivering his four-and-a-half hour speech in defence of Herr Torgler, the German Communist leader accused of participation in the Reichstag fire

CANADA MOURNS: The funeral of General Sir Arthur William Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., the distinguished Canadian War Commander, which took place at the beginning of this month in Montreal





THE VICEROY IN MYSORE: *Left*—Lord Willingdon, who recently returned to Calcutta after a tour of Southern India, driving through the Statue Square during his visit to Bangalore. *Right*—Lord Willingdon going out for a game of tennis with the Maharajah of Mysore

THE FRENCH RAILWAY DISASTER AT POMPONNE

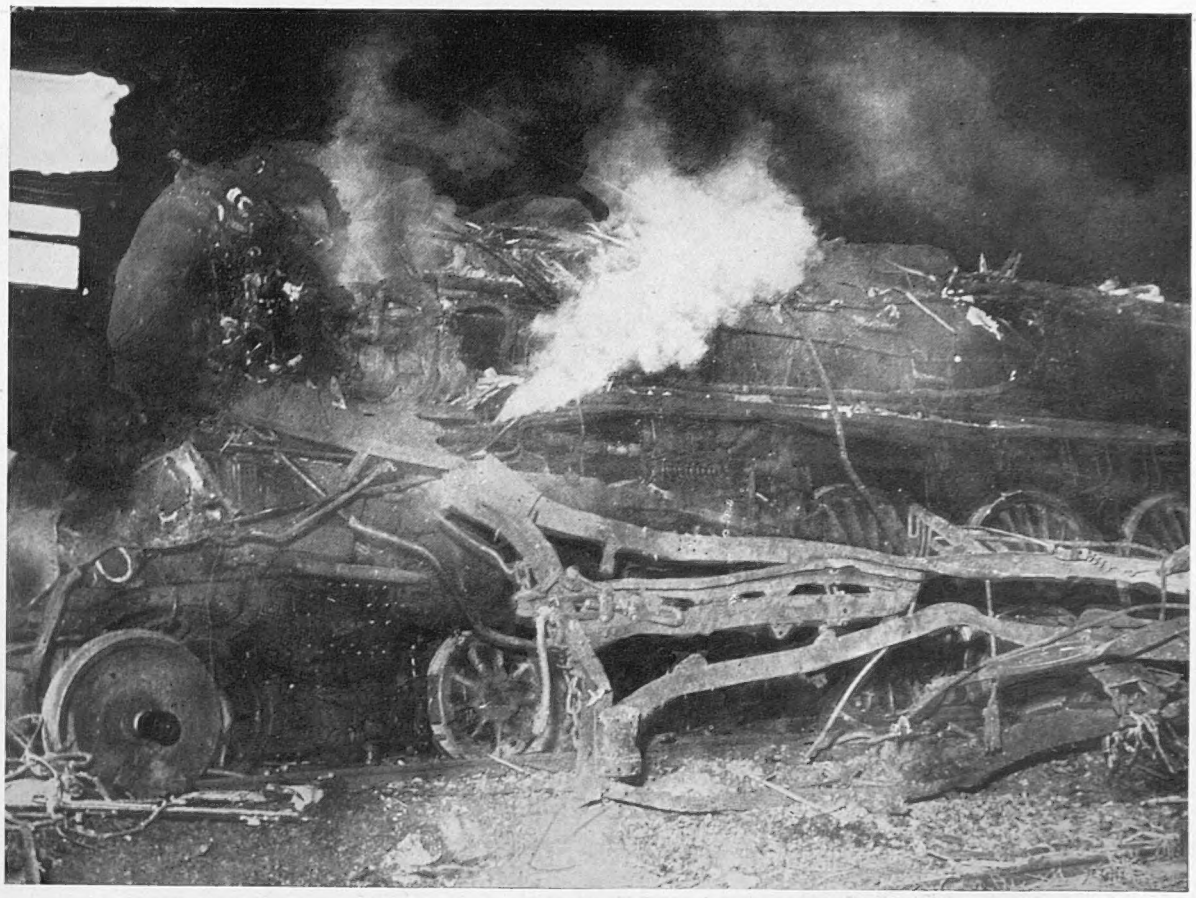
Further Pictures of the Wrecked Paris - Nancy and Paris - Strasbourg Trains

AFTERMATH: A rescue party attempting to extricate bodies from the wreckage of the Paris-Nancy train, which was smashed almost to matchwood on Saturday of last week

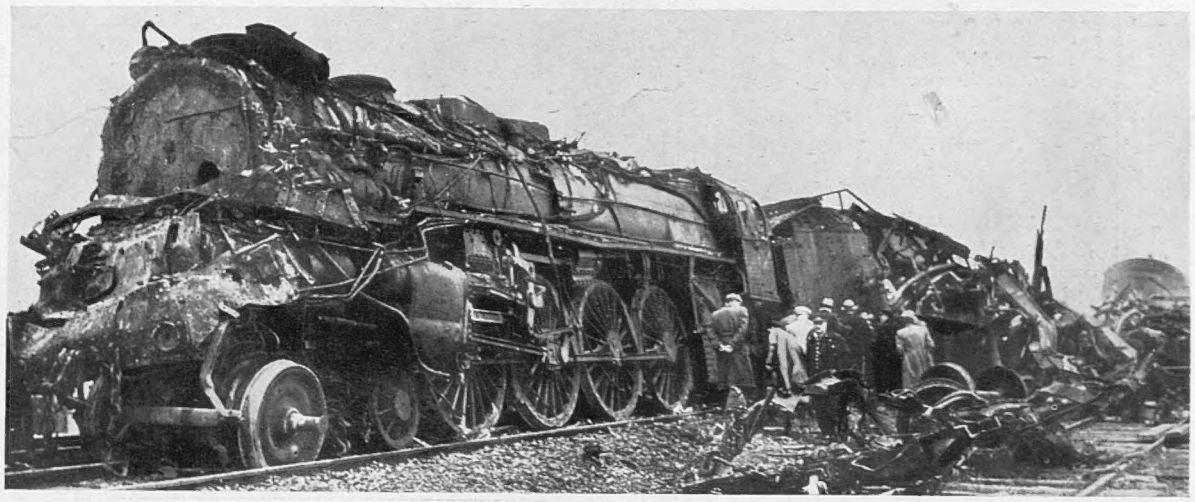
A SHATTERED COACH of the Nancy train. It was over thirty-six hours before the track could be cleared for use

A REST AFTER HOURS OF TOIL: The doctors who ministered to the injured throughout Saturday night

FAR-FLUNG DEBRIS: The roof of one of the coaches which was hurled many feet into the air before landing beside the track



THE TANGLE OF DEATH: The Strasbourg express after it had ploughed through the five rear coaches of the Nancy train. It came to a halt with steam and scalding water pouring from its boiler, and covered with twisted steelwork. At the time of the tragedy it was travelling at, at least, 65 m.p.h. in a dense fog



DERAILED BUT STILL STANDING: Another view of the Strasbourg express taken on the morning after the disaster. She is a (4—8-2) locomotive of the latest type and weighs approximately 150 tons. Altogether the weight of the express was between 500 and 600 tons, while the Nancy train was composed of out-of-date wooden coaches with thin metal panelling which was quite inadequate to withstand the shock of a collision

SURVEYING THE WRECKAGE which the force of the collision piled high above the track. The cause of the disaster was immediately made the subject of an official enquiry, but it is rumoured that the Est signalling system was not working properly on account of the frost. (Further details will be found on the frontispiece)

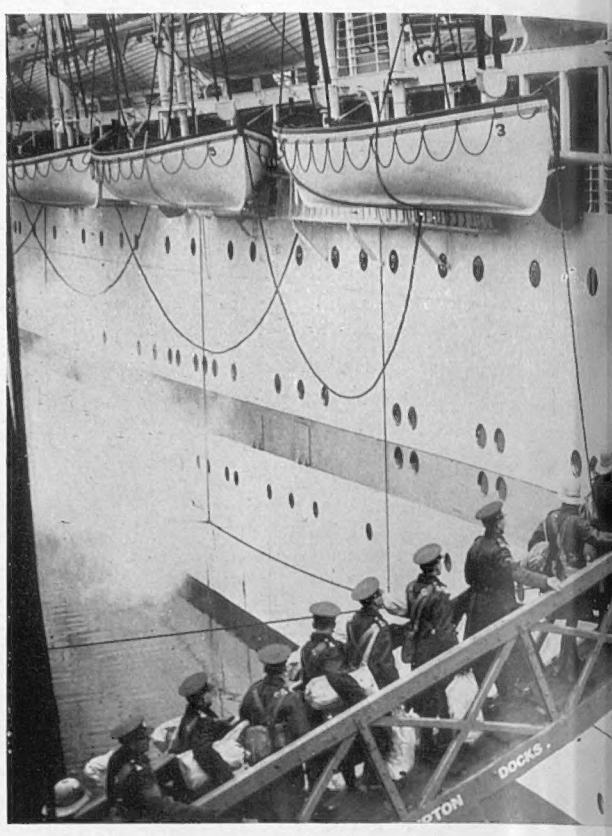
THE THAMES ANGLING PRESERVATION SOCIETY have been very busy netting fish from the Metropolitan Water Board aqueduct near Staines. They are mostly roach, and will be put into the Thames for the benefit of anglers

RISKING THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR FAITH: Miss Mildred Cable and the Misses Eva and Francesca French, three missionaries who are setting out alone next year on a perilous expedition into the bandit-infested Gobi Desert to the north of China. The adventures of these ladies, who have worked for many years for the China Inland Mission, are related in their book, *Something Happened*

ON A SOUND FOOTING WITH THE POLICE! Port of London Authority policemen measuring children for boots and shoes at the Christmas distribution of gifts at West India Docks, London, E.

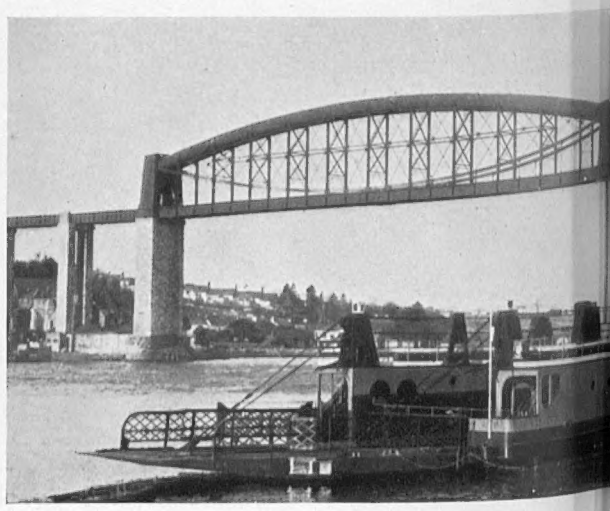
A SURVEY OF

During the La



BOUND FOR FOREIGN SERVICE: Men of the 8th King's Roy departure for Egypt. The

PASSING-OUT INSPECTION OF AIRCRAFT APPRENTICES: Air-Marsha at No. 1 School of Technica



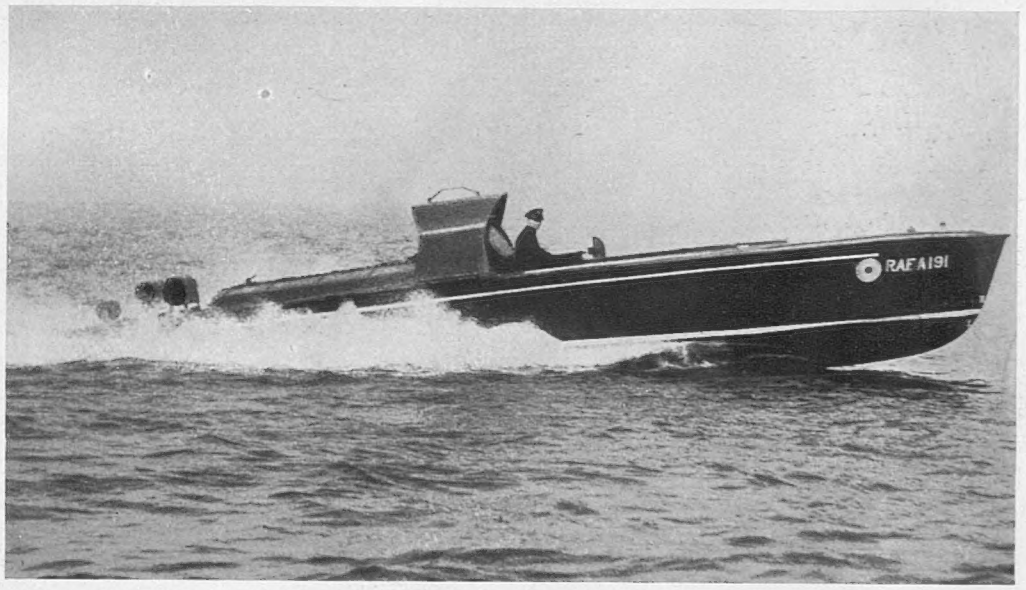
TO PLY BETWEEN DEVON AND CORNWALL: The new ferry across the river at Saltash. She will form an important lin background is the famous

HOME EVENTS

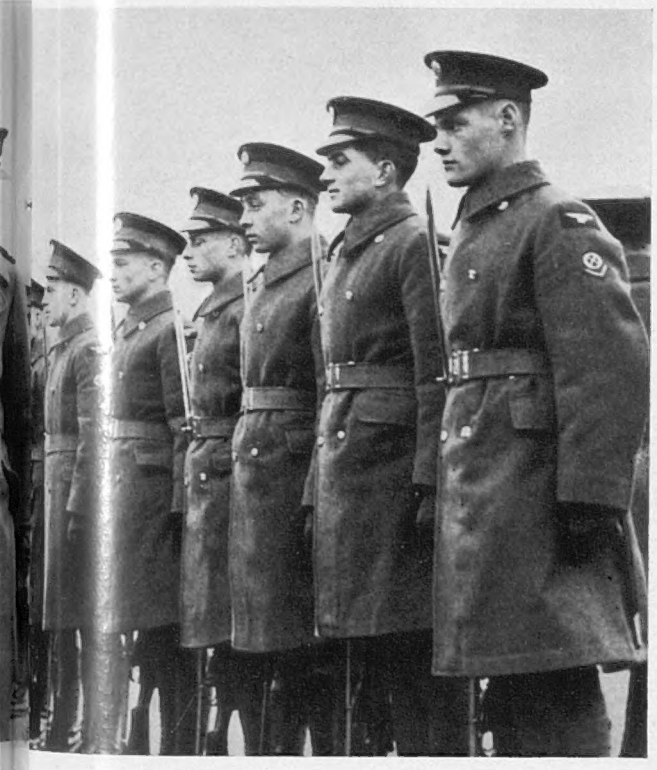
Last Days of 1933

Irish Hussars boarding the *Nevasa* at Southampton prior to their spent their Christmas at sea

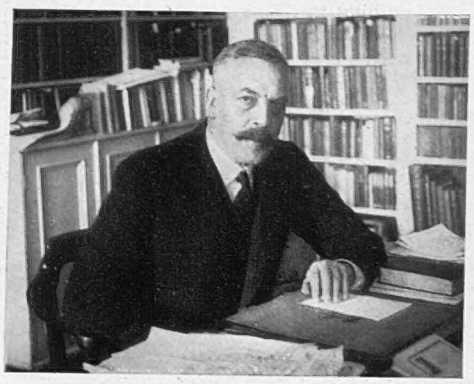
THE PRINCE OF WALES with members of the Stationers and Newspaper Makers Company with whom he dined last week on the occasion of his admission to the Honorary Freedom and Livery and his installation as Master



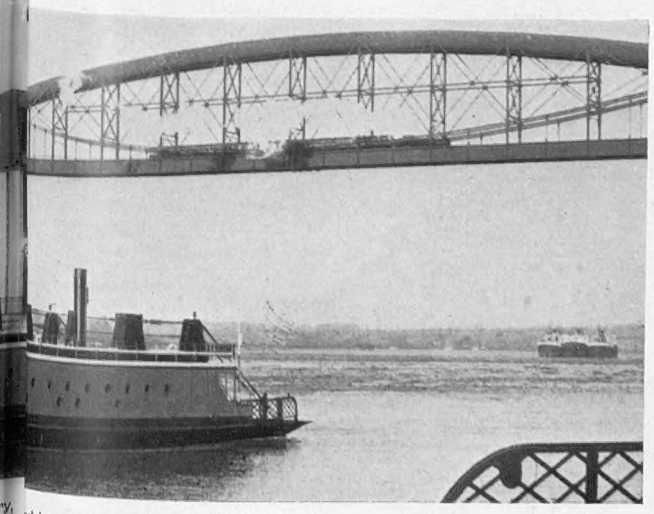
FAST MOVING BOMBING TARGETS: One of the new armour-plated speed boats which are being used by the R.A.F. to provide difficult targets for bombing practice. They have a speed of 25 knots and are filled with a rubber substance many times lighter than cork, which renders them unsinkable



Sir Hugh Creswall Dowding, K.C.B., C.M.G., walking down the ranks Training, Halton, near Wendover



A FORCE IN THE SCHOLASTIC WORLD: Dr. Cyril Norwood, who is retiring from the headmastership of Harrow next summer. He is to be President of St. John's College, Oxford



which has been built at a cost of £10,750, making her maiden voyage between the southern portions of the two counties. In the Brunel suspension bridge

PRINCESS IRENA ALEXANDROVNA, who has brought an action against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd., for an alleged libel against herself in the film *Rasputin*

MR. GEORGE A. SHUTE, who has been forced to leave the United States after living there for ten years, arriving at the King George V Dock, London, with his wife and ten children

YULETIDE of 1933

How the King gave his People Confidence to Spend an Old-Fashioned Christmas

THE LAST MINUTE RUSH: An impression of the immense volume of goods traffic which Euston porters had to cope with prior to the holidays

FOR LONELY LIGHTSHIPMEN: Thanks to the St. Andrew's Church Waterside Mission the men doing duty on the lightships in the Thames estuary all received parcels of Christmas cheer

Left—THE LEADENHALL MARKET: City men buying their holiday fare from a magnificent Christmas display

"Christmas comes but once a year!" Now who on earth can have invented that immortal phrase? Chaucer? Shakespeare? Dickens? Perhaps it was Marie Lloyd. We just don't know. The true English never know their own classics.

But there it is—"Christmas." And the word "Christmas" is so essentially English. It doesn't sound the same in any other language—any more than there is any word like "Home" in any other tongue. Home and Christmas! They run together so gloriously, and they are so gloriously English.

And Christmas covers the Yuletide period; those wonderful twelve days during which the Englishman's home is truly his castle in which to feast and hold revel. Christmas! The Englishman doesn't care if it snows. Indeed he rather feels it ought to.

"Give me a good old-fashioned Christmas!" he declaims. "Hope we have a real Christmas-card Christmas," says his neighbour. Jointly they challenge the English climate to do its worst. Cheer within will stay the cold from without.

Pagan rites? Rubbish! Turkey and goose and Christmas pudding and, above all, mince pies, have nothing to do with Paganism. They are just good, solid, English fare. And the bright beams from the Star of Bethlehem aren't quite unnoticed, even in these modern days. Beneath the outward cynicism of gift-buying there is still a lot of kindly scheming and warm affection. The Englishman puts his hand into his pocket and stretches it out to the poor. In his sheepish way he has got that "Christmas feeling"—"After all, you know, old man, Christmas comes but once a year—you know! By jove, but this port is excellent!"

And this is a wonderful Yuletide. The best for years and years. And it hasn't burst on us all of a sudden, but has stolen on us quietly—almost stealthily—so that now, while we can see the path by which it has come, we are none the less a little surprised. Apart from Christmas things haven't looked so cheery for a long, long time. This isn't the time for airing politics—much less international politics—but it does really seem that as the nations drift away from the dream Palace of Peace at Geneva, so the prospects of peace improve. Sir John Simon may go on a "Peace Tour" and Mr. Henderson may do ditto. The place for the Englishman this Christmas is home—home on his "right little, tight little island," where, under the English mistletoe, the now tariff-protected English lipstick looks bright and beautiful. But then to the true Englishman, replete with mince pie, everything looks marvellous.

Yes, this Christmas there is no doubt that the Englishman, after the best part of a couple of decades of uneasy international idealism, has gone back suddenly to his old-time insular state of bliss. "Fed up" with international spasms, he is—if it's only for this once—going to shut himself up in his island and have a good old English Christmas. And after all, why shouldn't he? He has earned the right to. Isolation may have its disadvantages—Robinson Crusoe found that isolation had serious drawbacks. But he was a stout-hearted Britisher was Robinson Crusoe. He didn't despair. He fixed himself up comfortably and then sat back and counted his blessings. That is what the Englishman is doing to-day.

And he finds that his blessings are many. For instance, Geneva shouted "Wolf! Wolf!" for many years and mostly for his benefit. But the Englishman refused to get properly scared. So the shouts from Geneva have died down. And this Christmas time the Englishman is going to the pantomime with his family and is going to sing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf"—and laugh while he thinks of the Hendersonian lamb all dressed up in wolf's clothing.

And in spite of everything the Empire seems to be hanging together. And India isn't lost yet. And the budget is more than balanced. Income-tax? Well, it seems rather bad form to send the demand note in on Christmas Eve but they can jolly well wait till Christmas is over. Anyhow, he can pay it. Things are certainly better, much better. Unemployment down again and the figures will be down still further next year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has said so. Rather good chap Neville. Good luck to him in spite of his damned income-tax, that never seems to come down.

On the other hand, trade is up. Definitely up. Nothing sensational, but still up. No boom, mark you, but still definitely up. But then we don't want any sensational leap to recovery.

With all the world trying to solve its problems through Dictatorships—Russia, Italy, America, and now Poland, and even France thinking about it. But no Dictatorships for us.

No, it seems that what is good enough for other countries isn't quite good enough for us. Parliament? Oh, yes—slow. But deadly sure—and safe. And that's what we want: good, sound, English safety.

But then, of course, we're English. So we recall the King—God bless him—at the recent opening of the new session of Parliament. His Majesty used wise and well-considered words about the Englishman. He praised his courage in the face of difficulties. Steadfast—I think that was the word—he called him.

Now, if you think back, it was really the King's Speech which started this Christmas. He gave us self-respect, he gave us courage. It was after the King's Speech that confidence returned. We took heart of grace to be English again. We realized that, just as through the War, from the time that he called the Navy "Our sure shield"—he could be relied on to say the right thing at the right time, so he was saying the right thing now. We know that the King knows the truth, and that his word is truth. Yes, it was the King who made us the present of this great Christmas.

Yes, if you think back, it was really the King who gave us our old-time Christmas spirit. He gave us confidence. He made even the "Little Man" of a certain famous cartoonist feel that he was the Jack who was the slayer of the Giant Depression. So this Christmas the Englishman, with his former confidence, has taken little or no thought for the morrow. Set free from foolish fears he has opened his purse-strings. You have seen him in the crowded shops cheery, open, hearty—the old Englishman—with his family spending without restraint. Money, as they say, is "circulating." And it is so all down the social scale. The Englishman is a man again.

This has been a jolly Christmas—the jolliest for years. So I do not want to be "high falutin'"—but I cannot help thinking of the words written by the gallant Rupert Brooke during the War when the certainty of death must have been upon him:

> Honour has come back as a king to earth
> And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
> And Nobleness walks in our ways again,
> And we have come into our heritage.

Will the Englishman buckle-to in this spirit in the practical prose facts of things after this Christmas? He will. After long years we are regaining our island heritage. This Christmas has proved it.

W. H.-W.

EUROPE
In Winter's Grip

THE BOUQUINISTS FROZEN OUT: Usually the boxes of second-hand books, perched on the parapet above the Seine, are being eagerly inspected by Parisian students and book-lovers. But during the recent cold spell both buyers and sellers were absent, not unnaturally preferring the fireside to the icy pavements

IN AN HUNGARIAN FAIRYLAND: Snow in the beautiful winter resort of Lillafüred

ICE-BOUND PARIS: Watermen releasing one of their boats from the frozen St. Martin Canal. Hundreds of barges were out of action, and work in the warehouses was considerably delayed

A VENETIAN WINTER: Heavy seas flooded Venice last week and forced many of the inhabitants to seek shelter in the upper storeys of their houses. Snow also fell, and the high level of the water seriously dislocated traffic on the canals. This picture shows gondolas snowed up at their moorings

A NATIONAL PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN: A striking road sign inviting travellers to drink champagne

A CITY BUBBLES TO LIFE

The End of Prohibition in America and the Prospect of Better Times Bring New Hope to Rheims and the Champagne Industry

By FERDINAND TUOHY

RHEIMS.

Wine is an attractive subject. This time it started being attractive at 8, rue de Beaune, Paris. There, in a tall and musty old house just off the Quai where this looks across at the Louvre, is to be found G.H.Q., Grapes. The wine Press (newspaper), all records, statistics, documentation, and propaganda are assembled in the above vintage mansion which I shall always associate with the word "Balzac." For a real Balzac thrill I got there.

A young editor was being enthusiastically communicative, but I kept conjecturing what an old, old man in an adjacent room was up to, passing constantly to and fro by the open communicating door and shooting restless glances in our direction. Soon I was to be enlightened. The young editor went off to get something and, on the moment, the so-old man nervously beckoned me to come.

So thin and hooked and stooping; his spectacles and hirsute properties alike askew; veined, bony hands that trembled; a black house-cap, tilted like Clemenceau's. The gloomy, ever-lit, antique room and most things in it seemed yellow, especially the paper piles and files and graphs and charts. Yellowing, too, were the pages of a big, black book the venerable one tremblingly opened to my gaze. He had not said a word.

That book of graphs relating to the annual fortunes of every vintage in France, all over the country, petit or grand vin, the old, old man had started keeping in 1862—in this room. He hardly said much as he shakingly turned the pages. His finger would trace the up-and-down red graph line telling of Chambertin and Saumur, of Roussillon and Muscadet. Every local thunderstorm and its consequences were marked in. Had been, for seventy-one years, by the hand that was here before me. A hand that, from starting with confident, early boldness, gradually became modified until now how that poor graph shook! That was what made me think of Balzac, the long-drawn-out decline of that faithful hand until it began to approximate a 'quake record; that, and the so-old man himself and his setting; and the way he kept alert that the young editor should not come in and see what he was showing, gloating over: so private, his life, his all. *His* work. Jealous, jealous, *jealous* of it.

But it is (over) time to get into a Rheims attitude of mind, a bubbly one. . . .

America's going wet again is the first piece of silver lining that the Rhemois have caught sight of in almost twenty years. The circumstance doesn't promise a great deal, compared with what used to be before 1914, when Rheims prospered as few other places from a world market that covered the whole Western Hemisphere, Holy Russia, and the Continent generally and, particularly, England. The best champagne was 16 francs then—was so still in 1915, Lanson Brut, 1906, at such delights as Godbert's at Amiens, and Monnie's in Boulogne. From 1914 to 1920 nothing happened to any champagne vintage except that the poilus accounted for 2,000,000 bottles (or was it 7?) in their cellar retreats of Rheims while the shells shattered above them and the town was pulverized. In late 1919 the peasants had got back to work in fields that frequently blew up, but the whole champagne industry, what with wastage and destruction, and Bolshevism and Prohibition, and Central Europe in the abyss, and the rest of us grievously in slump (save perhaps South America) . . . the situation seemed hopeless. I remember that when Mr. Austen Chamberlain heavily taxed champagne in 1920, Lord Northcliffe, who was all for "the Boy," telegraphed me to go to Rheims and write the hard story there. And I wandered in the eleven kilometres of Pommery cellars along endless lines of bottles standing on their heads and getting unsedimented, along avenues called after the capitals of the world. But 200 employees were at work that day.

Since then I have been through Rheims several times, have watched it re-arise from its ruins, and always I have said: "What emptiness, what stagnation! Not a soul about. Of all the over-built, devastated ones, Rheims has it!" Dead — utterly dead. No one buying a thing. The wine piling up in millions of bottles. Yet no reduction in price—albeit there comes a day, after fifteen or sixteen years, when champagne gets liqueur-y and not so good. Only if you were in the know, through French sources hushed from the étranger, could you take steps to acquire a young, non-champagnisé bottle of famous mark, delicious luncheon wine, for just 5 francs. The great firms were getting rid of their surplus like that rather than reduce prices. In France it was long a whispered tip—including those restaurants where you could get the platinum-blonde joy. ("But take care that the étrangers don't get to know of it!")

As depression deepened every market sank away, South America the last, and a year ago peasants were getting a franc and a half for grapes that used to fetch ten. Lucky even to get that; grapes not wanted. A hundred million bottles lay on hand, including vintage years 1921–26–28–29, which might be the equal of famous 1900, '04, '06, '11. Attention-drawing stunts would be tried; such as distinguished aerial rallies to honour Don Perignon who, 250 years ago, stumbled on sparkling wine by putting a cork instead of the usual hemp in his bottles one springtime . . . he very nearly popped off with fright next year, 'tis recorded.

But trade did worse than languish. Then, out of the blue, came humid Franklin.

The result here has been remarkable. Mind you, money is not flowing. The French owners have laid down a hard-and-fast rule which might be given as: "No sou—no pop." They want to see the colour of the dollar, and know its value, before they respond to the blandishments of a whole colony of would-be agents and purchasers, including lots of ex-bootleggers, who have camped here. In all, 5,000 odd (of all nationalities) have so far appeared, I was told by a hand-rubbing hôtelier. But the tales these men tell are on the fantastic side. They talk in hundreds of thousands of cases which wholesalers are ready to snap up "over there," whereas, in point of fact, the United States, in its bubble-heyday, never exceeded 400,000 cases annually. So the lords of Champagne are going warily. Actually, they sent over observers to get the true worth and weight of prospective U.S. custom, and these have returned with a "no need to get excited" counsel. There are going to be no great modifications in the planning-for-ahead—since, as with all vintage wines, one must think not of next year, or the year after, but of ten years on. And, after all, too, there are these 100,000,000 bottles for American palates (if any survive) to savour. You may read tales of champagne ships competing with ice floes in blocking the St. Lawrence, and of people being unable to disembark at St. Pierre and Michelon Islands for serried pyramids of cases from Rheims and Epernay, but that's just front-page bubble stuff. The truth is that if Rheims et Cie. can get 500,000 cases across the Atlantic in 1934—and they are primarily depending on American women to press, vamp, and wheedle successfully—this burg and the surrounding country will be most exceedingly bucked.

"Espérance" is the word that best gives this latest Rheims. Legitimate hope that the light at the end of the tunnel may widen. Meanwhile, it is certainly a different city. And I dare say lots of business visitors will appreciate the architectural renascence, though some of it—such as the Post Office—would, I imagine, take an otter's breath away. Still, what does that matter? This not undeserving heroine of four years' uninterrupted shelling is slowly bubbling to life again. It isn't only America. We apparently took double the quantity this year. And the not-a-bit-impoverished French themselves are being successfully coaxed into drinking more.

And an intensive publicity is the order of the day. More than one of my Paris friends has turned bubbly Press agent. These hastily crammed gentlemen nightly go the rounds of the more useful foreign newspaper offices with news bulletins telling the very ultimate to happen in the world of champagne. I'm not certain if they haven't actually brought along samples, in which case they certainly didn't bring them away again.

For twenty years, then, this blessed old Province of Champagne—Ay, Verzenay, Cramant, Avize, ennobled vineyards all—has taken it in the neck. And we haven't. What we do miss, during our stay on this earth, and for a variety of such stupid, stupid reasons! Henry IV had it right when he wished a poule-au-pot to every Frenchman every Sunday. I am sure the Widow Clicquot, the Widow Pommery, could they but command from their tombs to-day, would wish us one and all a constant 11 a.m. livener. It seems so infantile that the deliberate gift of this endowed clay here should not be grasped to the last grape. I said "deliberate." In 1858, the Widow Pommery bought land, and under it Roman quarries without end were found—quarries mostly 100 ft. down and out of which nearly 17 miles of subterranean galleries were fashioned. For note: Champagne can be as high-strung as a boat-load of Garbos. Particularly during the four formative years after it has been cuvée-d, and before it is bottled, will it walk out on you if the temperature be not precise and unvarying, even if there be vibration. Well, this whole chalk rock not only maintains a constant and ideal temperature of 50 deg., but a dozen lorries far o'erhead won't bring so much as a quiver. Not only has Nature given unique climate and soil above—to be found nowhere else the world over—she has even provided the perfect cellarage below. Which, incidentally, man has decorated in bas-relief carving of freely inspired quality; passing artist-guests, celebrating their passing.

THE ABBEY OF HAUTVILLERS, NEAR EPERNAY, where quantities of champagne are stored. The bottles are conveyed to the cellars on a miniature railway

LIFE ABOARD THE "ARETHUSA"

A PICTURE OF HEALTH: The youngest boy aboard H.M.S. *Arethusa*

PORTHOLE POSES: A striking picture taken on the new training ship, which is now continuing the good work of her famous namesake in training youths for the Navy and Mercantile Marine

"PRESS UPS": Gymnastics are an important feature of the daily routine on the *Arethusa*, which is moored off Lower Upnor, near Rochester

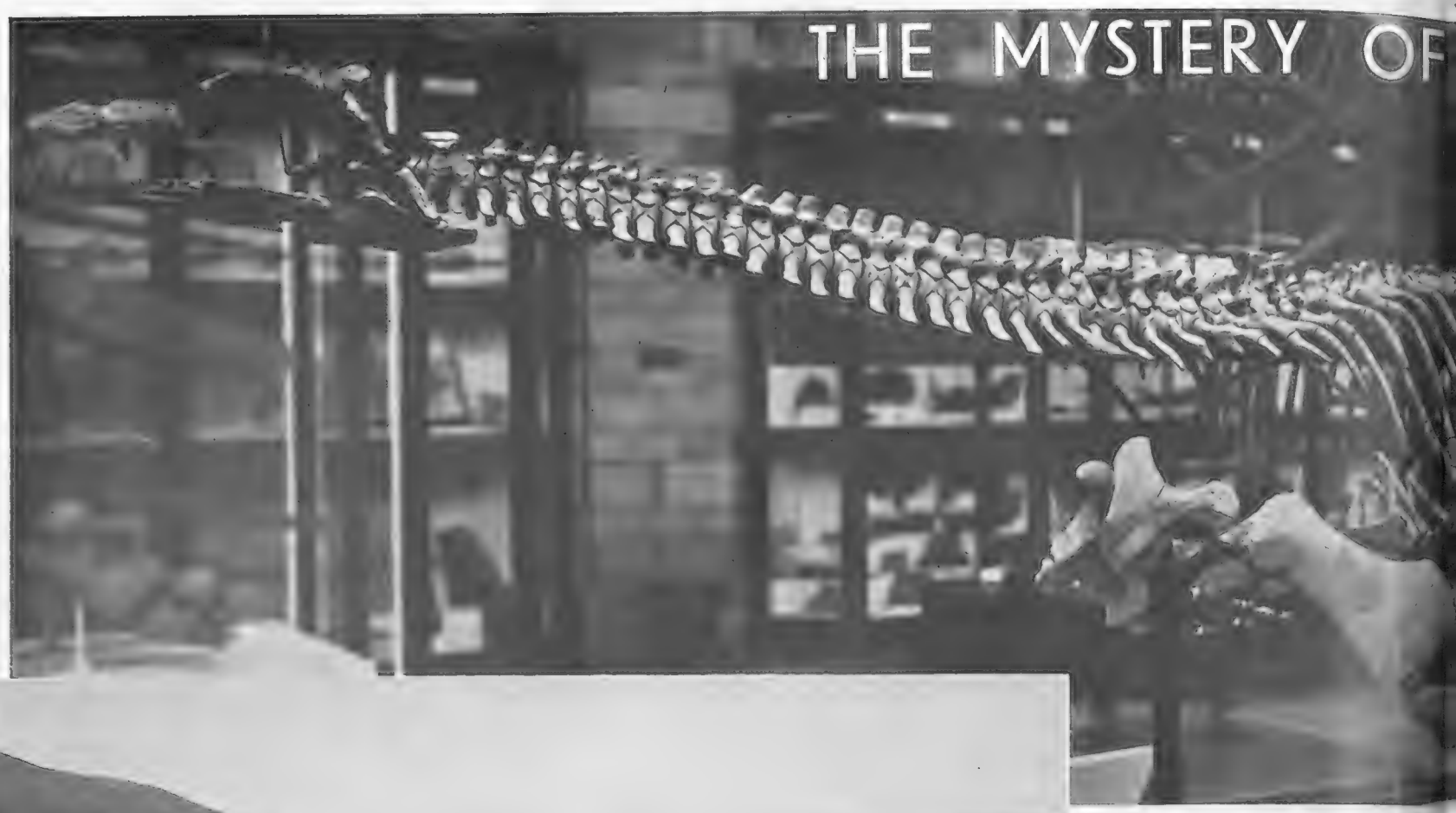
"DOBEING": Washing, like everything else on the *Arethusa*, is a thorough affair

DINNER TIME: The eldest boy at each table distributes the rations

"SLINGING UP FOR THE NIGHT": Cadets fixing their hammocks. Through having to look after their own needs the boys soon develop the sense of responsibility which leads to success in their future careers

THE "ARETHUSA'S" SICK BAY, where rare cases of illness are efficiently dealt with

THE MYSTERY OF



SKELETON OF A YOUNG PLESIOSAUR IN
that the Loch Ness monster is a survival
to have seen reared above the waters of
information to make even an attempt
the "monster" is a vastly

WHERE THE MONSTER HAS BEEN SEEN: A general view of the loch, looking towards Inverness. The main problem which investigators are trying to settle is how the monster made its way in from the sea. There are three possible channels of access, and it has been suggested that it came in at a time when there was a heavy spate of water running through one of the weirs connecting with the River Ness. It should be remembered that the loch is almost entirely fresh water

ONE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM: This
to be deceived into thinking they have
in the neighbourhood are certain that the
the prob

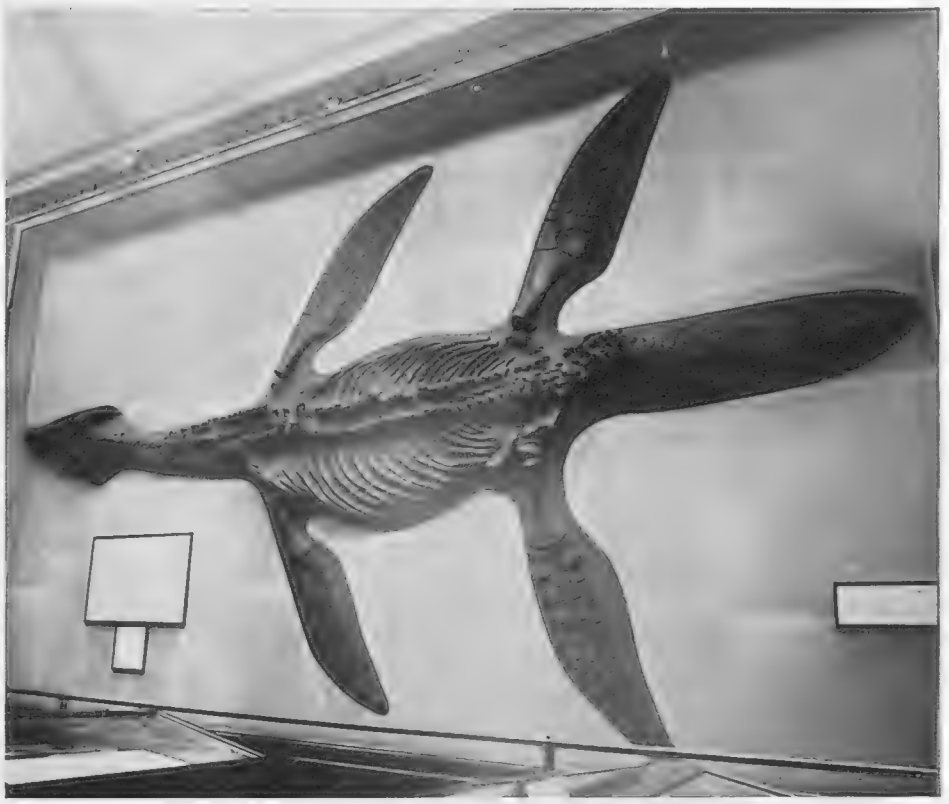
MODEL OF A PLESIOSAUR: The most striking peculiarity of this type is the great length of the neck portion of the vertebræ. A sketch drawn by an eye-witness who saw the monster on October 1 tallies in some respects with this model

When the Loch Ness monster first came into the news many believed that the stories published in the Press were nothing more than mere sensationalism. To-day this theory does not hold good. People, whose judgment can be relied on, have seen the "monster," and there is little doubt that some creature of unusual size does appear on the surface of the loch. What it is nobody can possibly tell, but those sceptics who

THE FLORIDA MANATEE: A mammal of the
found far out

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER: A Story which has Withstood Months of Criticism

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON: Many believe of this type, but, although the serpentine head, which reliable witnesses claim he loch, is not dissimilar to that shown in this picture, there is not sufficient it identification. The most interesting and credible suggestion so far is that enlarged, long-necked, marine form of a common newt



THE RINDMALEOSAURUS CRAMPTONI: Several witnesses who are said to have seen the monster observed "a continuous splashing apparently made by two objects moving like oars." This creature would certainly create such an impression, but serious investigators of the Loch Ness problem do not appear to favour the theory that the monster is a survival from prehistoric times

icture of a tree trunk floating in Loch Ness shows how easy it is for people een a monster. In spite of finds such as this, however, most of those living ch contains an unusual marine creature of some sort. One investigator of m has spoken to over fifty eye witnesses

THE PORTHEUS MOLOSSUS: An extinct genus of powerful marine monster shown at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. Museums in all parts of the country are being combed by enthusiastic investigators who are attempting to couple the various models of prehistoric creatures with the scanty data so far revealed regarding the Loch Ness monster

do not believe the story are clearly in the minority at the present moment. Provided the monster is not wantonly shot there is every hope of a successful picture of it being taken within the next few months. Meanwhile experts will continue to theorize, and the doubters will continue to doubt.

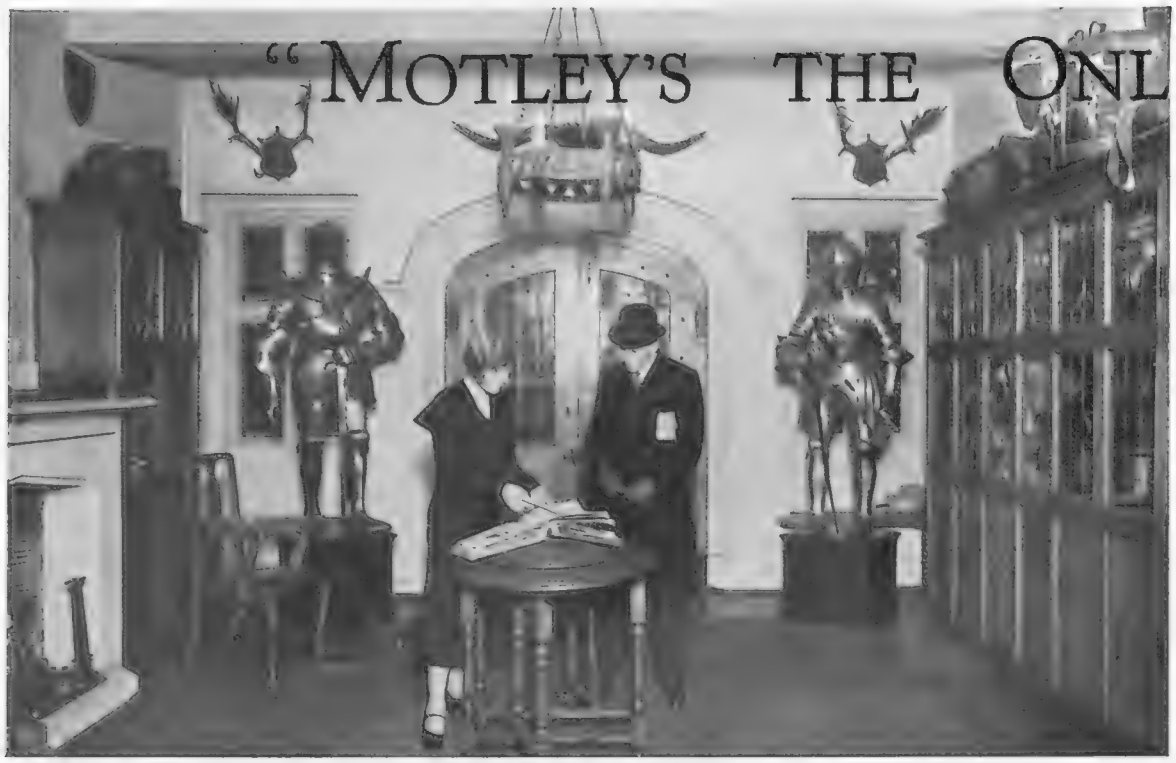
lantic shores which is seldom sea

A GIANT TUNNY: There are marine creatures of an immense size even to-day, and, although the Loch Ness monster is not likely to be a tunny, this picture serves to show that the eye-witness accounts regarding the creature's size need not necessarily be exaggerations

"MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR"

The Boom in the Fancy Dress Industry—An Old-Established Costumier's with a Hundred Thousand Dresses Always Ready to be Donned

By CHARLES GRAVES



WHERE ONE CAN BE PLATED IN THE HABILIMENTS OF WAR AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE: Showing a customer the coloured sketch book of patterns at Nathan's, Panton Street—the well-known London theatrical costumier's

It was while buying a drain pipe collar, technically known as a Fitzwilliam, for the Gay Nineties Ball that it suddenly occurred to me to write this article. The fancy dress and period costume industry has never been more flourishing than it is to-day. Thousands of pounds and thousands of employees are involved in it. And now, since the spectacular success of the English film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, on the costumes of which £2,054 were spent, this industry is going to boom more than ever. England has at last discovered that she can exploit her tradition and her history in a most pleasantly profitable manner. In the past the costume industry relied almost entirely on the professional theatre and Christmas and the New Year for dressing-up parties, and the occasional fancy dress balls.

It is always a sign of the times when there is a slump in private fancy dress balls. In the past three years they have been few and far between, but now they are being given almost each week. In addition to that, the numbers of amateur dramatic societies are increasing by leaps and bounds.

It was at the oldest theatrical costumier's in London that I bought my Fitzwilliam. Nathan's have been in business since the eighteenth century. To-day they have eighty employees, of whom sixty are busy all the time in making new costumes. In addition, they have 100,000 dresses in stock already, with three men, one of whom is a 6 ft. 4 in. ex-park-keeper, who do nothing but take down the dresses, slap them with a stick, and put them back. When you have so many dresses, the only way to keep the moth out is to "handle" them.

In one of the many sewing-rooms there were sixteen women all hard at work. One was putting the finishing touches to the green and black tricorne hats of a new provincial revue. Another was stitching the grey uniforms with satin lapels and silver embroidery for Giraldo's tango orchestra at the Savoy Hotel. Another was dealing with an orange uniform worn by one of the medieval heraldic outriders at Mills's circus. Yet another was trimming some royal blue satin for the speciality skaters for a British and Dominion film. A Victorian tail-coat designed for Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and a blue and white jersey for Dave Fitzgibbon of the Midnight Follies show at the Dorchester, were two other individual jobs in hand.

Next door three men were selecting the costumes for two plays that are going out to South Africa. Costumes were also being collected for no fewer than five amateur dramatic societies who were wanting them for New Year productions. *Clive of India* (in which Mr. Leslie Banks plays the name part) and *Beau Brummell* were two professional West End plays which were also being dressed. Hanging on a wall was a specimen of Charles Dickens's own handwriting in which he specified the exact appearance of Sarah Gamp for this firm. This is how it runs: "A rusty black gown the worse for snuff, a black bonnet and shawl. She is a fat old monthly nurse with a husky voice and a short neck." As I was looking at it Alfred Lunt and Edward Knoblock came in to discuss costumes for a new play.

This week-end over a thousand costumes will have been hired for fancy dress balls in the West End of London alone, and another thousand for amateur dramatic societies. Sometimes the same play will be performed simultaneously by five of these societies. This frequently used to happen with *Milestones* and *Arms and the Man*. To-day it is the Noel Coward shows which are most frequently in demand.

"We have experts on every period here," Mr. Nathan told me, "experts on classical times, medieval times, the Stuarts, the Tudor period, which is so fashionable just now, the Hanoverian, and the Edwardian. We have the finest costume library in the country. It contains between 500 and 600 books with illustrations in colour of all periods. They include works by Racinet, Planchet, and Lacroix. In addition to that, we have books of plays which the firm has dressed over the last 100 years, with the original designs by Tadema, Burne-Jones, Seymour Lucas, Charles Buchel, Percy McQuoid, as well as the moderns like Herbert Norris, Oliver Messel, Doris Zinkeisen, and Oakes-Jones.

"We have, for example, the original designs by Tadema of *King Arthur*, which Sir Henry Irving played at the height of his fame, as well as of the original production of *Clancarty* in which the Kendals and, later, Lewis Waller appeared. By the way, we dressed *Marigold* no fewer than seven times, the play being produced all over the world.

"In the case of fancy dress parties, everything used to be historical before the War. After the War people preferred jazzy, fantastic dresses, but now, with the return of claret and hock and all that goes with it, people are once more preferring historical costumes. Men, too, are getting more easy to coax into fancy dress than they were during the last ten years. Even now, however, the most popular choice for a fancy dress is that of the French artist out of *La Bohème*, followed by pierrots and clowns. But still, men are once again going in for Early Victorian costumes, while the women are beginning to prefer the Georgian or crinoline gown.

"We still make armour and swords. We can knock up a suit for £20, although if a client wants something special hand-made, damascened, and inlaid, it can cost him £100 or more. The movies have given us a huge impetus in period costumes, and Shakespeare, of course, is always a favourite. We made and prepared twenty suits of armour for Godfrey Tearle and his company in *Henry V* which opens at Manchester on Boxing Day. In this case we are copying what we made for the Lewis Waller production years ago.

"It is very fortunate having our headquarters in London with all the museums and art galleries so handy," Mr. Nathan continued. Actually, it was this firm that made and prepared all the models and dresses for the London Museum. "We utilize them a great deal. Though for anything in connection with the War, Edwardian times, and late Victorian times, we find that the photographs and illustrations in THE SPHERE are the most reliable. If we have to go back further than that, we find that *Punch* is a very good guide. On an average we send out 500 dresses a week, and on the whole we find that those which are hired out come back in very good trim. I must admit, however, that the Chelsea Arts Ball is our biggest liability.

"The popularity of fancy dress parties is a distinct sign of returning prosperity, and they grow more elaborate every day. Here, of course, we are never surprised at anything we are required to provide—mermaids and dragons are quite frequently asked for.

"We have just finished the costumes for both the film and the play of *Waltzes of Vienna*. That meant 200 dresses worth £15 apiece. The biggest job in the history of the firm was Shakespeare's *England* at Earl's Court. It was a replica of England in Tudor days and organized by Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Whole villages were represented. There was jousting by knights. Sixty suits of armour and horse armour had to be made, and all told there were 900 costumes required. With the return of the good times, and particularly with the sudden popularity of period talkies, we will beat even this record. The fact remains that in the 150 years of our history we have never been busier."

"A BERRY CHRISTMAS!" Mr. W. H. Berry, the popular comedian, being fitted out at Nathan's with a costume for *Lilac Time* in which he is appearing at the Alhambra this Christmas

STUTTGART in SHEPHERD'S BUSH

Preparing the Film Version of "Jew Süss"

THE MARKET SQUARE AT STUTTGART AS IT WAS IN 1730: The remarkable setting (all under cover) which has been arranged in one of the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush, and which is now being used for the film version of Herr Lion Feuchtwanger's successful historical novel, *Jew Süss*. The picture will probably take about four months to complete. The front portions of the houses in the foreground are real, but the street stretching into the distance is a cleverly painted curtain

SCENIC ARTISTS AT WORK: Putting the finishing touches to one of the open-air scenes

LADIES OF THE COURT: Mary Clare as Countess Wurben, Helen Ferrers as her mother, and Paul Graetz as Landauer. The title-role is taken by Conrad Veidt, while Frank Vosper (Karl Alexander), Cedric Hardwicke (Rabbi Gabriel), Benita Hume (Marie Auguste), Gerald du Maurier (Weissensee), Pamela Ostrer (Nalmi), and Joan Maude (Magdalene Sibylle) form one of the most talented casts ever assembled in a British film

SHOOTING A SCENE IN THE MARKET SQUARE: Even the cobblestones have the appearance of age

THE TECHNICAL AND PRODUCING STAFF: Mr. Lothar Mendes (centre) with some of his colleagues

THE FISH STALL: Another realistic note from *Jew Süss*. The fish are made of a flexible material which allows of their falling into natural positions

Lent by Francis Howard, Esq.

"ANNE VAVASOUR," ANONYMOUS SIXTEENTH CENTURY: Queen Elizabeth set the fashion for the elaborate head dressing and elaborately embroidered dresses which are seen here. Pictures of this kind are usually labelled "Marc Ghaeraedts" in country houses; but many are probably by English painters of the period. The Queen was one of the best-dressed women of her day

Lent by the Earl of Mar and Kellie

"THE COUNTESS OF MAR," BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER: The German, Godfrey Kneller, who painted this picture was the last of the foreign artists to win success in England. In his portrait factory his numerous assistants, mostly German, specialized in drapery, hands, animals, backgrounds, and so forth; he himself drew only the faces; and he had sometimes fourteen sitters in a day

Lent by Sir L. Brassey, Bart.

"GENERAL MASSEY," BY WILLIAM DOBSON: Dobson, called by Charles I "our English Titian," was a pupil assistant of Van Dyck. He is excellently represented in the exhibition. General Massey was first a Royalist, then a Parliamentarian, and then again a Royalist. He was taken prisoner at Worcester and lodged in the Tower, but escaped to Holland

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART—I.

Which Opens Next Week and which, from its Richness and Variety, Promises to be One of the Most Successful of the Winter Shows so far Organized by the Royal Academy

British art comes into its own with the imposing display at Burlington House. Manuscripts, sculpture, and embroidery from Gothic times, silver and embroidery from Tudor times, and eighteenth-century furniture and tapestry reinforce the pictures; and the pictures convey an ensemble impression of English painting from Holbein's day to the Pre-Raphaelites.

The English nobility and gentry have always been good friends to portrait painters, and the tradition of portrait painting in England is unbroken through the ages. Portraits were painted here even in the most troubled periods. While Henry VIII's Commissioners were destroying all the English religious paintings of Medieval and Gothic times, the English gentry were employing Holbein and his imitators to record their features with exactitude and to copy meticulously their elaborate clothes. The same thing happened when the Armada threatened. And Lely and others painted portraits all through the Civil War.

In early times the patrons seem to have put up with unflattered portraits. When Anne Vavasour sat for the portrait reproduced on this page, she seems to have made no demand that her face should be flattered, unless the truth be that she really had a round face and a snub nose and that the artist flattered her by inventing a resemblance to the Queen, just as artists flattered Early Victorian ladies by painting them like Queen Victoria. In any case, when we get to the time of Hogarth, a good deal of flattery was evidently required. Hogarth himself, who demonstrated in his "Captain Coram"—one of the great pictures in the exhibition—that he could really paint portraits, was never able to achieve material success as a portraitist because he could not flatter. The masters of the eighteenth century, Gainsborough and Reynolds, both knew how to sugar the pill, and the small fry—Romney, Lawrence, etc.—scarcely provided anything but sugar. We can watch the conflict between sitter and artist in a dozen different phases in this exhibition. From Dobson, who was expected to paint like Van Dyck because he had been Van Dyck's pupil, to Gainsborough, who sometimes had such especially good-looking sitters that it was almost impossible to flatter them, and Reynolds, who knew just how each sitter wished to appear before the world and painted him or her exactly so, and managed to do it without sacrificing his own interest in creative composition or his determination to make every picture better than the last.

Very little is known about the painters of Elizabethan times. We know of a number of foreigners, but of very few Englishmen—if Nicolas Hilliard the miniaturist be excepted. It was long the custom in English country houses to label all Elizabethan portraits as by "Marc Ghaeraedts" or "Zucchero." But in most cases there is no evidence that either the first, who was a Fleming, or the second, who was an Italian, really painted the pictures; and many of them may be the work of Englishmen. Some meticulous portraits signed with a monogram "H. E." have now been identified as the work of a Fleming called Hans Eworts who painted the celebrated double portrait reproduced on this page.

The sitters here are the Lady Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, who was the mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her second husband, Adrian Stoke, who had been her husband's groom and was fifteen years her junior; the lady seems to have been a formidable personality, who was quite unmoved by the executions of her first husband, her daughter, and her son-in-law. She carried off her misalliance in triumph, was a figure at the Court of Mary Tudor, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. From Stuart times the outstanding English painters represented include Cornelius Johnson and William Dobson, whom Charles I used to speak of as "our English Titian." Samuel Cooper, the miniaturist, who worked during the Commonwealth, and John Riley, who worked in the reigns of Charles II and James II, are also included.

When we get to the eighteenth century we have a really brave show—more than fifty pictures by Gainsborough and Reynolds.

The King has lent three pictures by Gainsborough: the sketch for the famous portrait of "Perdita: Mrs. Robinson," the "Duke and Duchess of Cumberland with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell in a Landscape," and the light and delicate composition of nude figures called "Diana and Actæon." Gainsborough is also represented by some landscapes with figures; and he thus appears as one of the ancestors of the English school of landscape painting which produced Richard Wilson, Turner, Constable, Crome, Cotman, and Bonington, who can all be enjoyed and studied in the show.

The "sporting" painters, Stubbs, Ben Marshall, Herring, and Ferneley, who depicted

(Continued on p. 530)

Lent by Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Wynne Finch

"FRANCES BRANDON AND ADRIAN STOKE," BY HANS EWORTS: The Lady Frances Brandon was Duchess of Suffolk and mother of Lady Jane Grey. After the execution of her husband and her daughter she married her husband's red-haired groom, Adrian Stoke, who is seen with her in this picture. Eworts was a Flemish artist who painted portraits and also a picture at Hampton Court where Queen Elizabeth is shown with Juno, Venus, and Minerva, who bow to her supremacy in majesty, beauty, and wisdom

Lent by Lady Vansittart-Neale

"SIR EDWARD HOBY," ANONYMOUS SIXTEENTH CENTURY: No one knows the name of the artist who produced this subtly observed and beautifully drawn portrait. The sitter was a cultivated man who translated French and Spanish books, helped Camden, and was a favourite of James I. He was eighteen when this picture was painted in the last year of Mary Tudor's reign

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHARM at BURLINGTON HOUSE

Lent by Lord Bearsted

"PEG WOFFINGTON"—ANONYMOUS 18th CENTURY: The celebrated actress is here seen in one of her more tranquil moments. She is amusing her kitten (under the table) and puppy with a ball of paper on the end of a string. On one occasion, it will be remembered, she chased a rival actress off the stage and stabbed her for an alleged affront. The Garrick Club has portraits of her by Philippe Mercier and Hogarth

Lent by Lady Stern

"MRS. JORDAN," BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.: The Mrs. Jordan here depicted was a theatrical star in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. She excelled in comedy parts and left the tragic roles to Mrs. Siddons. Hoppner painted several portraits of her; of these the most famous, which is at Hampton Court, shows her as "The Comic Muse"—a challenge to Sir Joshua's picture of Mrs. Siddons

Lent by Captain Richard Ford

"LADY FORD," BY RAMSAY RICHARD REINAGLE: This forgotten artist was the son of the "sporting" painter, Philip Reinagle, who was at one time an assistant to the Court painter, Allan Ramsay, and probably christened his son in compliment to his master. Ramsay Reinagle was an Academician, but he had to resign for exhibiting as his own picture one which, in fact, had been painted by someone else

Lent by Sir F. Faudel-Phillips

'MRS. ELIZABETH RIDGE," BY GEORGE MORLAND: The six examples in the exhibition of George Morland's genial art include "Evening: or the Postboy's Return" lent by Lord Swaythling, "A Happy Family" and "The Lost Kite" lent by Mrs. Yerborough, and "The Cottage Door" lent by the Royal Holloway College. Here we see one of his rare portraits, which suggests that he might, had he chosen, have made a reputation in this field

BRITISH ART AT B

Lent by Lord Mildmay of Flete

"THE PRETTY MAID BUYING A LOVE-SONG," BY HENRY WALTON: Walton, the painter of "Plucking the Turkey," in the National Gallery, and the portraitist of Gibbon, here gives us a pretty eighteenth-century street scene. The love-song which the pretty maid is buying would probably appear definitely stilted and sentimental to "Miss 1934"

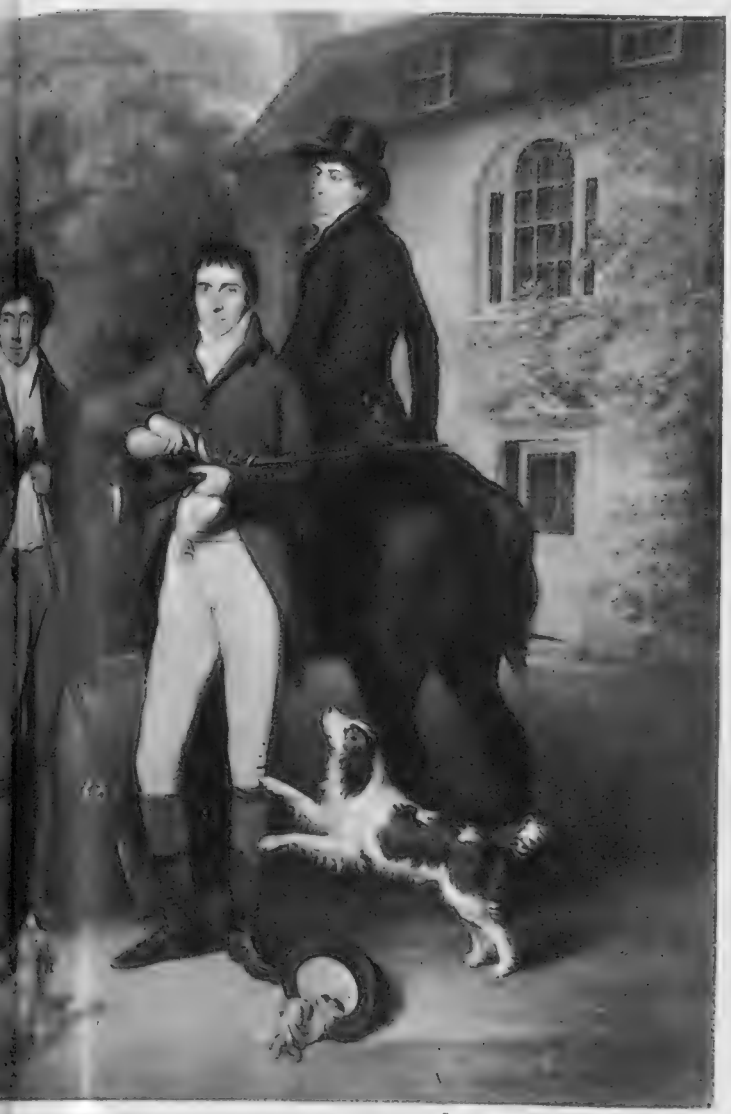
"VICE-ADMIRAL WILLIAM LUKIN AND BROTHERS," BY WILLIAM RED popular subject pictures such as "The Shipwrecked Sailor Boy," and se this picture we see him as a portraitist who joins hands with the " were t

Lent by J. A. E. de Rothschild, Esq., M.P.

"MAN AND WOMAN WALKING IN A LANDSCAPE," BY JOHN DOWNMAN, A.R.A.: One of the relatively rare oil paintings by this artist who specialized in portrait drawings, some of which are on transparent paper with red for the cheeks painted on the back. Examples of these charming drawings, lent by the King, the Duke of Devonshire, and others, are also in the exhibition

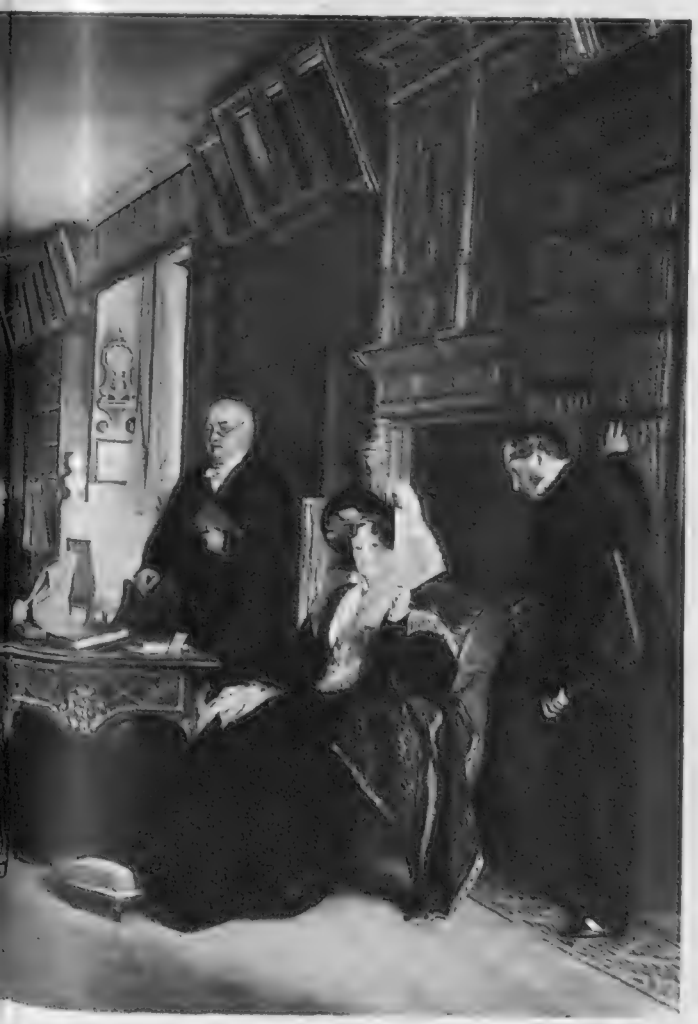
"THE HOLLAND HOUSE LIBRARY," BY CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, and "Lady Jane Grey Refusing the Crown," was a popular ub as a portrait painter and this picture continues the Hogar Lord and Lady Hollar w

BURLINGTON HOUSE



Lent by R. W. Ketton-Cremer, Esq.

EDMORE BIGG, R.A.: This forgotten artist, who was born in 1755, painted sq forth, for engravers. He was made an Academician at the age of sixty. In "sporting" painters among whom Stubbs, Ben Marshall, Alken, and Herring e the leaders



Lent by Earl Grey

SLIE, R.A.: Leslie, well known for his "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman" bject" painter in the first half of the nineteenth century. He began r an tradition of the "conversation" portrait group. The picture shows n with their librarian and secretary

Lent by Lord Bearsted

"MARRIED LIFE," BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A.: Wheatley, painter of "The Cries of London" well known in engravings, here shows us a domestic interior where the husband, I fancy, is a trifle bored. Perhaps the children are demanding a story and he cannot invent one

Lent by Basil Wood Bourne, Esq.

BY ARTHUR DEVIS: "George, first Lord Lyttleton of Frankley, Lady Rachel Lyttleton and her husband, Lieut.-General Sir Richard Lyttleton, K.B." This dainty portrait painter specialized in the small "conversation" portrait groups which were the fashion at the time when Gainsborough began to paint; and Gainsborough's earliest portraits are not unlike them

NOTABLE MALE PORTRAITURE:

In the British Art Exhibition at Burlington House

Lent by Lord Methuen

"SIR CHARLES LUCAS," BY WILLIAM DOBSON: An example of William Dobson's work "in the manner of Van Dyck." The battle in the background is probably Marston Moor, as Sir Charles Lucas fought there. Later Sir Charles took part in the defence of Colchester and was condemned to death by court-martial

Lent by Lord Methuen

"PAUL COBB METHUEN, M.P.," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.: He was born in 1752, and represented Great Bedwyn in Parliament in 1781. He is the great-great-grandfather of the present Lord Methuen. This is one of the series of portraits by Gainsborough of young men "in Van Dyck habit"

Lent by Captain Richard Ford

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CLARE FORD, G.C.B.," BY JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A.: Knight, another forgotten Academician, had a considerable practice as a portrait painter in his day, and painted Sir Walter Scott. He also painted "subject" pictures including "The Waterloo Banquet" and "The Crowd looting the Church at Perth as a result of John Knox's Preaching".

Lent by Lord Mildmay of Flete

"SIR H. D. P. MILDMAY," BY GEORGE ROMNEY: A characteristic example of male portraiture by Romney to whom Sir Joshua Reynolds always referred contemptuously as "the man in Cavendish Square." Sir Joshua's jealousy is comprehensible because Romney imitated his style without properly understanding it

CANINE CAMEOS and Other Pictures

KENTUCKY BOY, an eleven-year-old Airedale, was awarded his fifteenth medal when saving numerous lives at a Hollywood fire. He barked continuously until attention was drawn to the blaze

FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH: Hachi-ku, who was recently elected an honorary member of the Domestic Canine Club of Tokyo for faithfulness to his dead master. The dog never fails to appear at the railway station every evening at the time when his master was accustomed to return from the office

VERA AND JOAN BULLOCK, daughters of the well-known trainer, act as assistants to their father at the Folly Farm stables at Tarporley

A FRIEND OF THE TURF: The Hon. Dorothy Paget, who made the highest bid at the Newmarket December Sales when she gave over 8,000 guineas for Salome

A WARM GREETING: Schoolchildren with some of the early Hampshire Down lambs which were born a few days ago on a farm at Ipsden, near Goring-on-Thames

THE PERFECT LADY: A chimpanzee at Whipsnade out for a morning walk with the keeper

THE GRANDEUR OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

A juniper tree above Merced Lake, Yosemite National Park, California. It will be noticed how the wind coming through the valley has denuded the branches on one side

THE BEA

Veterans

THE "BEGGAR'S OAK" AT RUGELEY

THE LONE TREE: A striking picture from the exhibition of photographs organized by Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker and members of the "Men of the Trees" Society at Ilford Galleries

LONDON'S TREE SURGEON: Mr. A. D. C. Le Sueur, Consultant Forester to the City Corporation

"Men of the Trees"

Three of the pictures on this page were shown at a successful photographic exhibition held at the Ilford Galleries, High Holborn, and organized by Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker, founder of the "Men of the Trees" Society. This is a voluntary society of tree lovers, one of whose main objects is to encourage people to protect and to take an interest in the beauties of the woodlands. The society has been in existence about ten years, during which time it has been able to do a great deal of useful work. The members have periodical meetings, woodland excursions, picture exhibitions and lantern lectures, and make a particular point of creating enthusiasm in the schools

...UTY OF THE TREES

... that have Weathered the Centuries

One of the many remarkable oaks on the Bagot Estate, Rugeley, Staffordshire. Over £26,000 worth of timber was sold from here recently

"NURSERY AT NAZARETH"—RAISING TREES TO RE-PLANT PALESTINE: An exhibit from the "Men of the Trees" Exhibition showing how efforts are being made to introduce vegetation to arid districts in Palestine

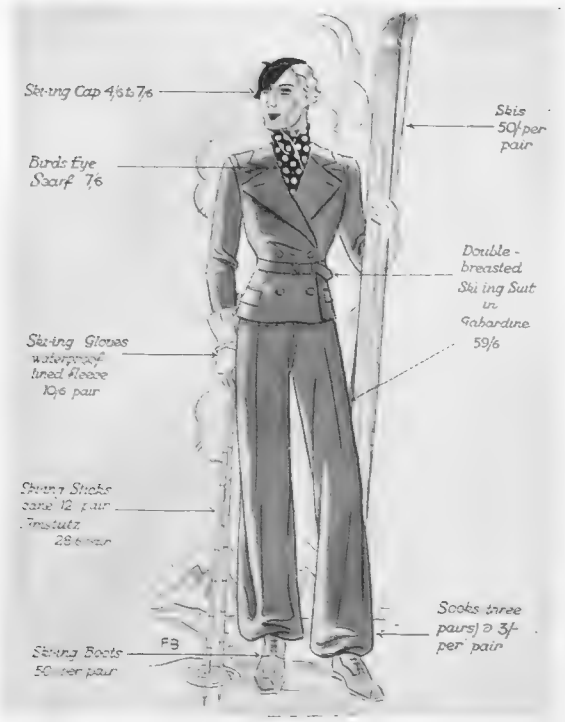
THE LIME AVENUE

A delightful picture from Ashridge Park, Hertfordshire, shown at the "Men of the Trees" Exhibition in London

A DROOPING VETERAN: The oak of Abraham, at Hebron, Palestine, which even in the sixteenth century was an object of reverence. One of the oldest oaks is the Cowthorpe near Wetherby, Yorkshire. It is said to have stood for over 1,600 years

MAKING THEIR LAST STAND: A group of Monterey cypress. It is known that trees of this type flourished in California thousands of years ago. The cypress of Chapul Tepec, Mexico, has been cited as the oldest tree in the world

SWITZERLAND: What it Costs to Obtain the Kit



THE COST OF KIT FOR THE SKI-ING GIRL: The suit is the most expensive item; boots and skis follow at about the same price

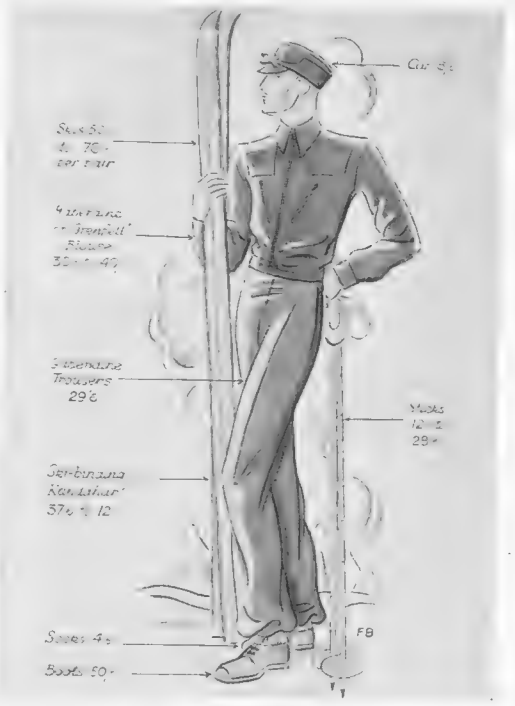
The winter sports regions of Switzerland have had the good fortune to receive some early falls of snow of such a character as to attract the enthusiast to the ski-ing slopes long before the usual Christmas rush.

Echoes of these early joys have reached this country, with the result that hundreds of enthusiastic young people of both sexes are wondering whether it is possible for them to get out even for a brief period during the coming season.

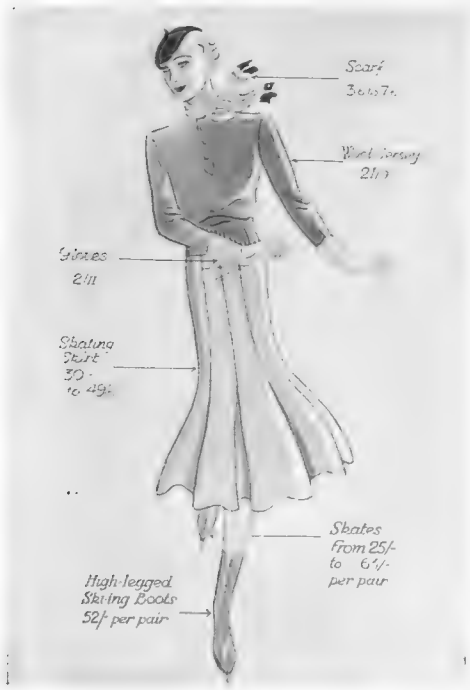
The parental purse is being subtly attacked, and estimates are being made as to how much a week, ten days, or a fortnight would cost. Brave suggestions of dispensing with sleepers, and this and that economy, are made. Paterfamilias retorts protectively, "But you haven't the proper kit. Can you manage that if I pay for the hotel and railway fares?"

In order to demonstrate to those of our readers who may be engaged in this domestic attack, we have had three diagrams specially prepared to show for what a reasonable sum one can be completely transformed into a gabardine ski-er or a jerseyed skater.

The chief expense is, of course, the trousered suit, and then follow the pair of skis which range from 50s. to 70s. per pair. Ski-ing boots must be of good quality if you are to have comfort and safety. The other items are all easily negotiable out of current allowances.



SKI-ING KIT FOR THE MALE: These prices are very much the same as those given above, but good skis may cost one a little more



OUTFIT FOR THE SKATING GIRL: This is largely a matter of individual fancy, but the above will prove a useful guide to the cost of a workable outfit

The skating girl can, of course, allow herself a variety of kit, and the more expert one is the more mobile becomes one's skirt. There is a wide range of choice offered at the London shops.

If one is very expert long skating stockings will, of course, be required, but these may already be possessed if one has been skating at home at the Grosvenor, the Westminster, or any other of the popular ice rinks.

A SPHERE correspondent who has just returned from an early visit to Switzerland says that there is a tendency among expert male ski-ers to adopt plus-fours. This is possibly a reflex from visits to Austrian competitions during last season, but we are informed that this diversion from the gabardine trousers does not appear likely to hold.

FLORENCE: Some Remarkable Early Romanesque Discoveries

In the north-east wall of the Uffizi Palace, facing the Via della Ninna, are two stone columns and an inscription commemorating the Basilica of S. Piero Scheraggio, which has always been considered as the oldest church in Florence, after the Baptistery and S. Lorenza, and one of the most important. I remember, some years ago, dining in a restaurant which had been established in part of this old church, which was consecrated in 1068 and, apart from its ecclesiastical functions, served as a hall for important public deliberations. Much of the church was demolished in the thirteenth century, and in the sixteenth century Vasari incorporated what was left in the new Uffizi Palace he was building for Cosimo I.

A MURAL PAINTING DISCOVERED BY PROF. SAMPAOLESE: One of a series brought to light during the demolition of a section of old walling in the Uffizi Palace

Signore Sampaolese, of the Florence Office of Works for Medieval and Modern Art, recently began researches on the site of this church, and has made some very remarkable discoveries. In the first place, working on that part of the Uffizi now occupied by the Public Archives, he ran into the apse of S. Piero, and recovered one of the long narrow windows characteristic of early Romanesque. On the splays of this window have been revealed a number of mural paintings in roundels, illustrating the life of Christ. Those which have so far been retrieved from their coating of plasterare: the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Dispute with the Doctors, the Marriage in Cana, and the Miracles of the Blind receiving Sight and the Lame being made to Walk.

These medallions are quite well preserved, and the colours have a curious daintiness which gives a strange charm to the quasi-Byzantine manner of the drawings. They are of extraordinary value to art students, belonging as they do to a period of at least a century earlier than Cimabue, and, being still comparatively fresh, with all their lines intact, offer easy investigation. It is conceivable that as the work of research continues, still more examples of the art of that early period may be uncovered.

Of almost equal importance, and from some points of view of still greater importance, to students of the period is the extraordinary architectural character of a very early crypt, or oratory as Signore Sampaolese prefers to call it, which has been found in the subsoil of the site on which S. Piero once stood. The investigators

(Cont. on p. 530)

OLD COLUMNS OF CHURCH OF S. PIERO SCHERAGGIO: These were left in an exterior wall of the Uffizi Palace when it was erected in the sixteenth century

PRE-CIMABUE ART REVEALED: This window of the apse of S. Piero Scheraggio Church is early Romanesque, and has splays decorated with mural painting in good preservation

SOCIETY and the STAGE

MISS GRACIE ANDERSON, a pupil of Madame Madge Nott-Brown's School of Dancing at Woodside, London, N., putting on her ballet shoes for rehearsal. Several of the pupils are appearing in Christmas pantomimes

THE EDWARDIAN PARTY AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: Mr. Heber Percy and Mrs. Ansell at last week's function in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital

LADY WARRENDER at the Edwardian Party. A feature of the evening was an episode of 1908, depicting a moment at an Edwardian reception

WINNERS OF THE QUEENSLAND CUP AT ASCOT, BRISBANE: Miss Jocelyn Howarth and Soft Step

REHEARSING FOR THE BALLET, which is one of the features of the *Queen of Hearts*—this year's pantomime at the Lyceum

PANTOMIME TIME AT LEEDS: The chorus rehearsing for the production of *Robinson Crusoe* at the Grand Theatre

ALANOVA, the beautiful Anglo-Russian dancer, in a new dance in which she will shortly be seen in London and Paris

"STORMY WEATHER": An afternoon dress in shaded striped georgette and black jersey velvet, a Ronald Morrel creation

CHRISTMASTIDE SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE NEW GALLERY: Jackie Cooper as Swipes the newsboy, and Wallace Beery as the prosperous saloon owner, who star with George Raft in Joseph M. Schenck's production, *The Bowery*

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND": Charlotte Henry in the title-role in Paramount's screen version of Lewis Carroll's famous story

A FILM FOR THE CHILDREN: Charlotte Henry as Alice, and Skeets Gallagher as The White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*. Miss Henry was one of 7,000 applicants for the part

PLAYS of the CHRIST

"A Present from Margate"—Ingenious and Polished Entertainment at the Shaftesbury: Seasonable Fare at the Windmill: A Play with Only Two Characters at the Embassy

By PHILIP PAGE

Knowing that stages are of all places the draughtiest, I found, on one of the coldest nights I ever remember setting out for the theatre, my sympathies aroused the very moment the curtain rose on *A Present from Margate* at the Shaftesbury. It was not the audience, comfortably clad and sitting in a tolerably warm auditorium, who deserved pity, though that opening scene was on the dull side. Nor did one feel for the authors, Messrs. Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason, who are probably too experienced, for they have a long list of deserved successes to their credit, to feel first night qualms.

But that group of blondes in scanty bathing-dresses, uttering epigrams through teeth that must have been chattering, added a touch of heroism to an act that was composed of precious little else. They were not even allowed to jump about a bit or to do anything to put themselves in a glow. They had to be languid and languorous, as if under the hot sun of the Mediterranean, their bare backs braving the while shafts of icy air from the back alleys of Shaftesbury Avenue.

When the story eventually unfolded itself and the suggestions of incipient pneumonia were dispelled we gathered that the Duchess of Rye, an attractive young widow, had spent a night in Margate with a well-bred, short-tempered army officer of a very pukka type—Major Chepstow. When a glance at the programme reveals that Major Chepstow is played by Mr. Eric Maturin, we know all about Major Chepstow.

Unfortunately the Duchess had been foolish enough to commit her passion to writing, and her letters had come, via a scoundrel of a man-servant, into the hands of a Mrs. Torrent who was rich, common, and a really dreadful snob. She had a house in London next to that of the Duchess, but the Duchess would never go to her parties and she could only get beyond the ducal front door as a member of charity committees and as the donor of lavish cheques to mysterious "causes."

As an honest-to-goodness guest Mrs. Torrent was not invited. So she determined to become a dishonest-to-badness hostess instead. The Duchess must come to her ball or—she will use those awkward letters. Since the Duke was dead, I cannot imagine how she could have used them in any way that could have done her the slightest bit of good. Indeed, any such procedure would have done her irrevocable harm and put an inglorious end to any hope of shining socially. For though post-War society is mixed, blackmailers are not welcomed.

The main fault of *A Present from Margate*, which is ingenious, well polished, and a good entertainment on the whole, is that it is founded on a theme that does not make for fun. Blackmail, even when used for so trivial an object as acquaintance with an immoral Duchess, is a nasty business, as a foundation for a farcical comedy essentially unsuitable. It was constantly drummed into us that Mrs. Torrent was a good sort, largely on the grounds of her having a Bradford accent, money enough to give parties, and a plain, straightforward, pipe-smoking, Joe Akroydist brother; for there is a positive epidemic of pipe-smoking on the stage just now, and the virtues of the pipe-smoker are considered to extend even to his near relations.

Yet the more Mrs. Torrent Bradforded her "I'll teach these London snobs a lesson," the more petty she appeared. Why worry about 'em at all? The Duchess was a fool and a bit of a wrong 'un. But we cannot blame her for not receiving into intimacy a woman she obviously detested.

The mess was cleared up by plenty of action later on. A faithful-dog admirer of the Duchess jumped from the ducal balcony to the Torrential balcony to get back the letters, having in his pocket, for reasons I could not grasp, a rope of pearls. This part was played extremely well by Mr. Michael Shepley, though why he should have been chosen for this perilous adventure rather than Mr. Maturin was another mystery. After all, it was Mr. Maturin who had landed the Duchess in her predicament, and Mr. Maturin, having done plenty of balcony-jumping through the long run of *Loyalties*, obviously had the prior claim by right of experience.

There was a happy ending, the Duchess leading the cotillion at Mrs. Torrent's party. I would not care to bet on the durability of that friendship.

Some of the best acting came from Mr. Reginald Gardiner, who really had nothing to do with the play at all. Mr. Gardiner seems to be the genuine successor of the late G. P. Huntley, and can adorn any play, as he adorned this one, with a delightful hand of facetious irrelevance. Miss Marda Vanne did what was humanly possible to make Mrs. Torrent a real person. Miss Joyce Bland had almost as difficult a task with the Duchess. I do not think she is yet at her ease in foolery.

Windmill Theatre.—The little Windmill Theatre has been first in the field, so far as London is concerned, with definitely a Christmas attraction. Every type of entertainment given here has been consistently good, but not, for reasons of space, on the extravagant side. But in *Revudeville 37* there is much lavishness in the matter of Santa Clauses—or should it be Santas Claus? There are no fewer than five of them, headed by Mr. Gus Chevalier, and the team of "reindeer" which draws their sledges is composed of the *corps de ballet* (or *corps de beauté*), which is the Windmill's non-stop bait for the more impressionable sex. There are, as a matter of fact, two real ballets—*Snow White*, which is prettily conventional, and a contraption of human playing cards which has a pleasant Alice in Wonderland touch.

And there remains Mr. John Tilley, who shares with Mr. Gillie Potter the knack of pouring out a flow of solemn nonsense with irresistible effect. These two subtle comedians are subtly different, and perhaps one day we shall find them in the same revue, engaged in learned discussion. A composite comedian, Mr. Tilley Potter, would be a joy.

"Alice."—I have mentioned *Alice in Wonderland*, which, by the way, is revived this year at the Duke of York's for matinées only. There is also the film version, on which all the powers of Hollywood have been concentrated for some time. This I have not yet seen, since, as I write, it has only been shown privately. But the preliminary details have been launched with all the publicity that appertains to matters of Paramount importance. Out of 7,000 applicants, for instance, "the ideal Alice" has been found in the person of a young lady who has lived in Hollywood since she was four years old and whose idol is Mr. Rudy Vallée. Now a Hollywood upbringing and a passion for Mr. Vallée may be compatible with playing the part of the "child of pure, unclouded brow and dreaming eyes of wonder." The job of the actress who plays Alice, on the stage or on the film, is not to be unsophisticated, but to suggest unsophistication, though some of us may regret that out of that 7,000 an Alice without an American accent could have been chosen.

TMAS SEASON

But what of the choice of Mr. Bing ("Crooner") Crosby for the Mock Turtle? Was the Mock Turtle a real crooner? And what fills me with even greater apprehension is the information that the film contains "certain modern improvements such as Lewis Carroll himself would have added." Why this masterpiece should need "improvements" Heaven and Hollywood alone can tell. But it is comforting to know that an American film director can get so far into the strange mind that created Alice that he can be certain that Lewis Carroll would have been glad of his help.

The Beauties of Edinburgh.—There are only two full-sized pantomimes in central London. Edinburgh, but a fraction of the size, also has two, and starts them earlier, so that long before Christmas they are in full swing.

I have just visited this lovely city and found the whole of it, at any rate at night time, rather like a pantomime, for its principal buildings are floodlit, and the effect, if theatrical, is quite beautiful. The heights one sees from Princes Street resemble a well-painted "back-cloth," with the castle a replica of Valhalla, which the local dignitaries, as Wagnerian gods, might well approach over a rainbow bridge. I suggest this as novel fun for New Year's Eve.

One of the best pantomimes I have ever seen is *The Sleeping Beauty* at the King's Theatre, with Miss Mimi Crawford in the title-rôle, beautiful when she is "asleep," and dancing and singing exquisitely when she is not. That hundred years of slumber for the whole court is fortunately crammed into a ten minutes' interval which takes place before 10 p.m. for certain admirable reasons.

Mr. G. S. Melvin, a great variety favourite in London and himself a Scot, is a brilliantly original "dame." He understands the whole art of female impersonation without the least hint of offensiveness; his quarrel scene with the King has in it the subtlety of a Guitry comedy, and his "hiking" and "girl guide" songs have more genuine fun in them than can be found in half-a-dozen average London revues.

"Happy and Glorious."—It cannot have been a wave of economy that induced the Embassy Theatre to produce a play with only two characters in it, for the policy of the management has always been to "do it well," and that policy is not, I think, likely to be changed. *Happy and Glorious* happens to be about two people and not to need more than that number. But if the characters are few, the scenes are many—fifteen of them.

In them we see a man and a woman going through a variety of adventures and emotional experiences, mostly on the grim side, over a course of a dozen years. The woman has been a suffragette and a prostitute—an unusual combination—though those occupations are not undertaken simultaneously. Both are battered rather badly by the waves of misfortune, but they sail into harbour at last, safe if not, in all probability, particularly sound. The attention is kept throughout, which says much for the author's ability considering the small means he has chosen to put at his disposal. Mr. Wilfred Walter and Miss Miriam Adams, the latter excelling in a difficult monologue, both did well.

Maskelyne's Mysteries should keep the Little Theatre continuously busy for a long time and put an end to a series of short runs of plays, most of which have deserved a better fate. Miss Mary Maskelyne, Mr. Noel Maskelyne, and Mr. Oswald Williams mystify and baffle us, which is just as it should be, since no one goes to this historic entertainment who does not wish to be mystified and baffled. There is also plenty to amuse, and for the musical there are the excellent songs of Mr. T. C. Sterndale-Bennett and Mr. Fred Gregory.

SHOWS TO SEE

ALHAMBRA: Helen Gilliland and Derek Oldham in *Lilac Time.*
AMBASSADORS: Cyril Maude in *Cabbages and Kings.*
APOLLO: Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*
CAMBRIDGE: *Hansel and Gretel.*
COMEDY: *Treasure Island.*
CRITERION: Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields.*
DALY'S: Peter Haddon presents George Gee in *That's a Pretty Thing.*
DUKE OF YORK'S: *The Rose Without a Thorn.*
FORTUNE: *When Knights were Bold.*
GAIETY: *Charley's Aunt.*
HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and Jessica Tandy in *Ten Minute Alibi.*
HIPPODROME: *Give Me a Ring.*
HIS MAJESTY'S: *Music in the Air.*
PICCADILLY: A *Sleeping Clergyman.*
ST. MARTIN'S: *The Wind and the Rain.*

"BUCKIE'S BEARS" AT THE PLAYHOUSE: With the help of the good fairy, Sam and Barbara lock the keeper in the bear's cage. There will be matinée performances of this play for four weeks

"JUSTICE" AT THE SAVOY: Reginald Smith, Irene Davis, and Frank Lawton in a clever sketch from the André Charlot revue, *Please*

TURNING THE TABLES: An amusing moment from *Whistling in the Dark* at the Comedy. Richard Bird (left) plays the part of the author of detective fiction who is forced by a gang to devise the "perfect murder." Fortunately for himself, he succeeds in outwitting his captors before his too brilliant scheme can be put into execution

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

The Medici Society Sustains its Great Reputation with a Superb Work on British Painting: Three Studies in Futility by Mr. B. van Thal: Mr. Neil Bell's Saga of a Suffolk Family

A NOVEL PRESENT-GIVING SCHEME: The problem of choosing books which will be welcomed by your friends is often a difficult one. An excellent solution is to buy from your bookseller tokens for 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., or 21s. and present these instead. The recipients can exchange them in any bookshop in almost any town for works of their own choice. The scheme has proved highly popular this Christmas, and there is no doubt that it meets a very definite need. Mr. J. B. Priestley is seen in this picture exchanging a token in an Oxford Street store

The appearance of a superb book, superb in the quality of the script, production, and 140 plates **(British Painting** by **C. H. Collins Baker. 30s.)** which well sustains the high reputation of the Medici Society for this kind of achievement, turns my thoughts to the artists rather than the writers. I found myself the other evening involved in an argument as to which it was the better to be, a successful man of letters or a successful painter. The discussion was brought down to hard facts by someone who said that it seemed to him that the test lay not with the successful but with the unsuccessful experiments of the two arts. We agreed, then, that failing the achievement of success, it was better to be a writer than an artist. Fleet Street rarely fails the writer, however poor a craftsman he may prove. He can pick up a few odd pounds here and there whereas the artist has the barest chance of survival. He may, of course, draw advertisements. Some of the most brilliant artists of the day have more success on the hoardings than on the walls of the Royal Academy. I have always imagined that it would be great fun to have a house with walls so gigantic that they could all be papered with the wonderful coloured advertisements one sees wherever one goes in London. There is a restaurant I know decorated by its enterprising owner with the posters of the Underground Railways. He has mounted these on boards, varnished them, and framed them direct on the walls with strips of gilded wood. The effect is delightful and as he observed "It is so nice of the railway companies not to spoil their advertisements with advertisements! You can get the picture without exhibiting the reason." Most companies to-day are willing to sell copies of their posters to collectors.

But this has little to do with poor artists versus poor writers. I pointed out, as my contribution to the discussion, that the artist had one advantage. He could live in the most appalling conditions of poverty and dirt and it was all considered artistic, whereas the writing man had no release from the laundry. It is always believed that there is something exalted about the lowliest quarters of Chelsea, but no one regards a poor scribe, living in Bloomsbury, as a romantic figure.

It is singular that the artists should enjoy even this much esteem. Frenchmen and Italians are agreed that England can produce neither singers nor artists. A French friend of mine was not being merely sarcastic when he said, "But have you any artists in England—who are they?" Some years ago, when a very enterprising wife of the British Minister in Vienna arranged an exhibition of British pictures in that capital, there was a deep surprise that England had enough good painters to make a worthy exhibition. The Austrians never ceased to express their surprise when they saw the high quality of the work sent by us.

I do not think we deserve this poor reputation abroad. Every two years there is an international art exhibition in Venice, when each country has a pavilion full of representative works. I have never felt that our own contribution ever fell below the level of other countries. Among the portraitists I found no one who could displace John or Orpen.

Reading and looking at the exquisite illustrations in *British Painting*, which cover some five hundred years of our art, one is conscious of a body of work, in genre painting, landscape, and portraiture, that does us credit, especially towards the end of the eighteenth century, when we produced some first-class painters. But whether we care for art as a people is quite another matter.

I made a journey the other day to Leicester to see the exhibition of the works of William Kiddier and of Laura and Harold Knight. It was a Sunday afternoon when I visited the Art Gallery which adjoins the Museum. It is a new and pleasing building, but what filled me with amazement was the crowd that walked through the rooms. For a few moments I began to think that for some reason art in Leicester was in a very flourishing state, and that the city was producing a race of ambitious Giottos. But longer observation revealed the fact that all the youth of the city, to the number of two or three thousand, have decided that the art gallery and museum made a pleasant Sunday afternoon's walk. A very genial policeman confirmed my suspicions. The presence of the police in the gallery explained much. He said that the crowds of youths were so dense that they had to be kept on the move, or trouble developed between the gangs. These were not smash and grab gangs, he hastened to explain, but merely gangs that supplemented back-chat with friendly jostling, to the danger of showcases and picture frames.

I do not see much to deplore in the larrikins of Leicester choosing the art gallery and museum as a covered parade. So long as this country is addicted to the dismal Sunday, and humanity may not amuse itself until seven o'clock in the evening, it is natural that boys and girls will go where it is bright and warm, and costs nothing.

For a small gallery, apart from its enterprise with exhibitions of modern painters, Leicester has every reason to feel proud of its collection. The periods are freely mixed with the happiest results. What I did observe was how heavily the Victorians slumped in comparison with their predecessors or successors. A modern picture near to G. F. Watts' "Orlando Pursuing Fata Morgana," made that picture both muddy in tone and pretentious in symbolism. It is not, of course, a good example of Watts. He did not seem to know quite what he wanted to do with his subject, for he began the picture in 1849 and did not finish it until 1888. But Leighton made just as poor a show with his "Perseus and the Head of the Medusa." Leighton's cissified young horseman looked more like a candidate for ballet than butchery. That pleasant, soft-muscled young man certainly could not have cut off the head of the Medusa. She would have given him one look and he would have wilted.

I am sorry Mr. Collins Baker, the author of *British Painting*, is so severe with Lawrence. He gave pleasure and he was highly successful, which exposes him to disparagement, but how easy he is to live with, as I have every reason to know, for as I write these lines two of his works make pleasant my study.

Leicester has an excellent example of the sculpture of Alfred Stevens. Mr. Collins Baker is very severe with us on the subject of Stevens and Watts. "As we look back across almost a century we see Watts and Stevens, exact contemporaries, home from Italy, the one full of the rich feeling of Venetian decoration, the other deep (*sic*) initiated into the spirit of the Sistine Chapel. Both schooled and disciplined to express rich minds in the amplest field open to the painter. But for all the use that we made of them they might never have existed."

Under the title of **Child Performer (White Owl Press. 3s. 6d.)** **Mr. B. van Thal** has collected three short stories. They have this in common that each is a study of futility. The first concerns Mr. Brandon-Weber, who cannot overcome the fact that his wife has left him because she is bored with him. He seeks refuge in the attempted adoption of a child performer and is scornfully repelled by the mother. He then philanders with a girl encountered in the country and thereby, so he imagines, translates her to Piccadilly. The second story tells of the revolt of a young woman against the soul-deadening domination of an old woman. The action centres around a mask and has a macabre twist, and in his final story Mr. van Thal turns satirist and tells of the sad fate of Captain Parker, who sought to escape from the Countess and her collection of bores. Whether the lady would go to the trouble of having herself announced as dead, and stage her own funeral in order to encounter the Captain in the role of mourner I doubt, but probability does not interest the author so much as fantasy, of which this book is full.

Mr. Neil Bell has a ship under very full sail in his new novel **Bredon and Sons (Collins. 8s. 6d.).** It belongs again to the order of the panorama or saga, so fashionable since Galsworthy started all the novelists off with a four-generation novel. Mr. Bell's story never lags. He begins with a family of shipbuilders in 1844, and shows the rise, after the death of a grim old father, of a young Bredon. The brother is killed in the Crimean War, after a furious love affair with an aristocrat's daughter, who follows Florence Nightingale and dies at her post. This has a slightly Silas Hocking flavour, but the immediate interest is in James Bredon; his fight with the Town Council for the site of his father's workshop is most vigorously narrated.

After this the novel has a bold upward sweep and the new generation builds a succession of successful boats, but the two boys Richard and Arthur inherit a declining business. A move is made from Senwich to Stourhampton and the era of seaplanes comes in, with a Bredon well to the fore.

For 500 pages Mr. Bell has shown an amazing knowledge of ships and shipbuilders and has given us a domestic story also of intense interest. I regret that, later, he falls away into the hackneyed old story of the son who writes a novel and wakes up to find himself famous.

A HIGH PRICE FOR AN OLD ATLAS: A portion of the manuscript atlas on vellum which was sold at Sotheby's last week for £840. It was the property of Baron Rolf von Humann and was formerly in the library at Schloss Hainhofen, near Augsberg

I believe that if novelists carefully read **Genealogy of Love** by **C. Thesing (Routledge. 15s.),** they would be so horrified at Nature's stupendous process of reproduction that they would hesitate to write another love scene with such fine careless rapture. This book surveys every form of love life, ending finally with man, whose affairs are very mild compared with the earth-worm, the dragon-fly, or the male dancing-crab. A queen bee marries once only, and the successful suitor out of some ten thousand pays for the favour with his death. After this she has nothing more to do with the men bees, but cheerfully produces children for the next five years. This is a most fascinating book, but should be kept from the young, for it will deter them from falling in love. Let angry fathers take note.

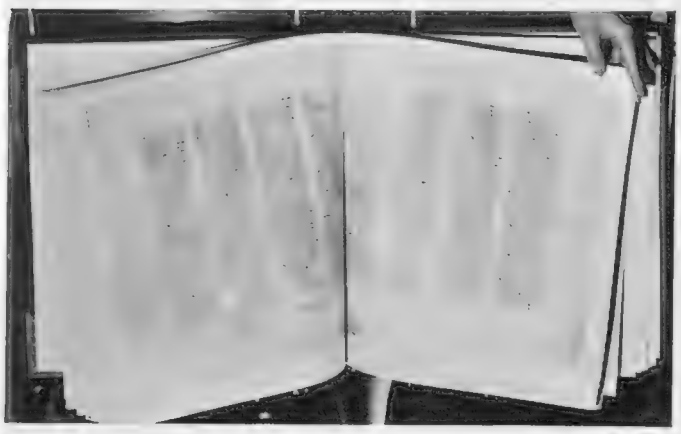
On page 530 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

FROM ALL QUARTERS

"BRITAIN'S SHORTEST DAY": This picture was taken in the Shetland Isles exactly at noon on December 21. On the shortest day the sun rises here at 9.13 a.m. and sets at 2.53 p.m.

ICE ON THE BEACH: This is not a snow scene, but an impression of the frozen sea on the beach at Bognor

THE WINTER WATER FAMINE: A large proportion of Britain is threatened with one of the greatest droughts of modern times, and all over the country farmers are being hard put to it to obtain sufficient water supplies. December, which is usually wet, has been one of the driest months of the year. *Left*—Doling out the day's supply in a Somerset village. *Right*—Taking water from the brook at Shenley Church End, Buckinghamshire



A FACSIMILE OF THE CODEX SINAITICUS, the original of which the British Museum is to purchase from the Russian Government for £100,000. It was discovered in 1844 in the Monastery of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai, and ranks with the Codex Vaticanus as one of the two oldest manuscripts of the Greek Bible

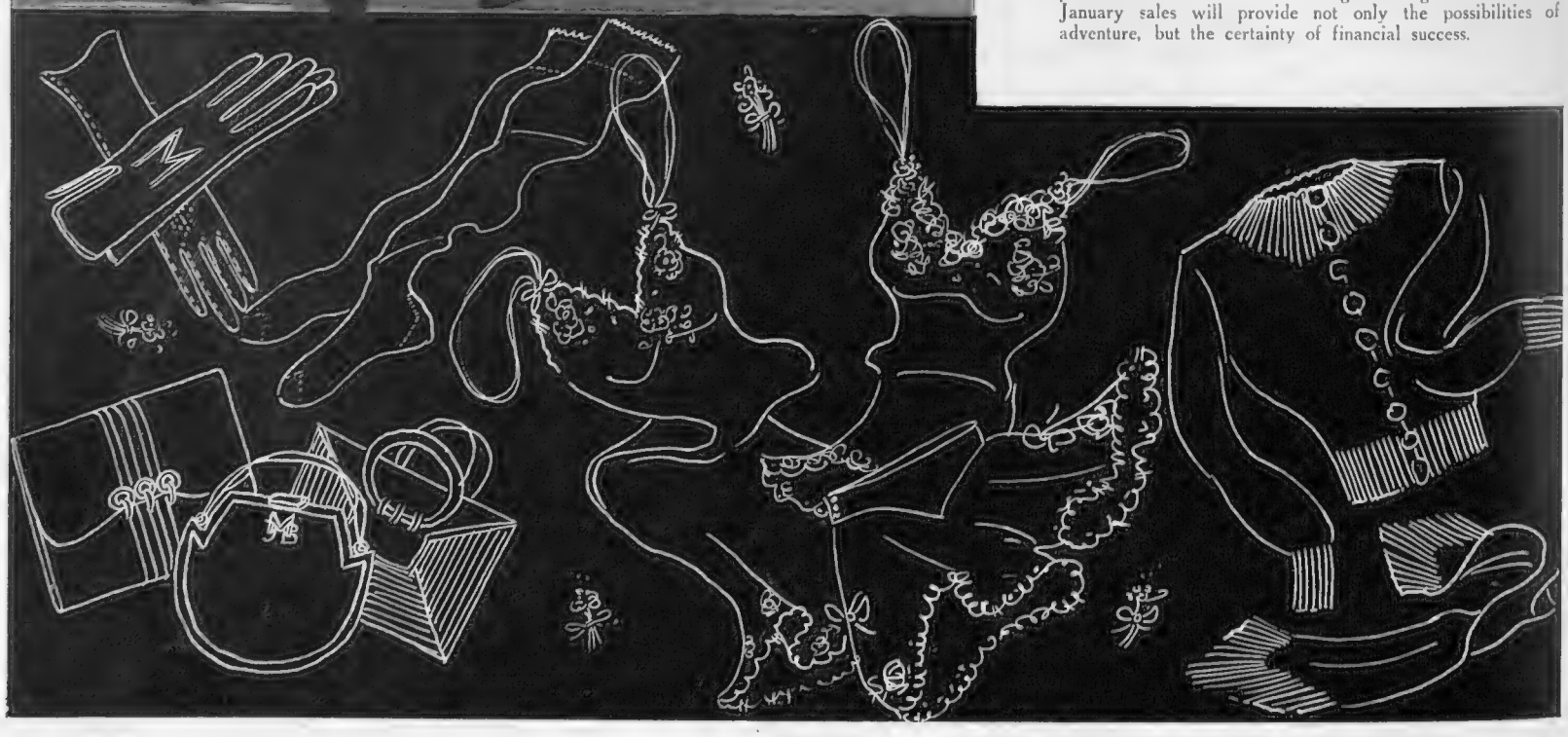
SIR HENRY DICKENS, K.C., the last surviving son of the great novelist, who died on December 21

MR. BERTRAM HUME AND MR. RAYMOND ERITH, two London architects who have won one of the three highest prizes in a competition for a town-planning scheme for a suburb of Stockholm

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN A HINDU PALACE FOR AN AMERICAN GIRL: This hitherto unpublished picture was taken last year in Lallgarh Palace, Rajputana, when the Maharajah of Bikaner arranged a special celebration in honour of Miss Jacqueline Hoefler. The two figures on the left are the Maharajah of Alwar, who was recently banished from his State, and the Maharajah of Bikaner

GENERAL O'DUFFY FREED: The popular President of the United Ireland Party, who was arrested recently at Westport, County Mayo, being carried shoulder high by enthusiastic supporters after his release from the Arbour Hill Military Prison, Dublin. The High Court decided that his arrest was illegal

STARTING THE NEW YEAR WELL



There are two ways of economizing—one by going without the things one wants and developing a martyred expression; the other by shopping so cleverly that you can always save enough on small things to make a brave show when it comes to essentials. That this latter course is the more pleasant and the more sensible is obvious. That it is of the greatest possible benefit to the country has also been remarked before. So, with a clear conscience and a light heart, you can plunge into an orgy of self-indulgence, providing always that your head can rule that unreliable organ!

Gloves, stockings, shoes, undies, handbags, and novel accessories are among the soundest sale-time investments. They even justify a little methodical hoarding, for they are certainly going to be more expensive in the very near future, since all prices are on the up grade. The great thing is to do your shopping during the first few days of the sales, for then the greatest bargains may be found.

For instance, first choice Aristoc silk stockings for 4s. 11d. instead of the usual 6s. 11d. at Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, W., where there may also be found twelve types of day, sports, and evening shoes, all reduced from 42s. and 30s. to £1.

SALES COMMENCE

Burberry	December 27, 1933
Marshall and Snelgrove	December 28, 1933
Debenham and Freebody	January 1, 1934
Harvey Nichols	January 1, 1934
Liberty	January 1, 1934
Swan and Edgar	January 1, 1934
Studd and Millington	January 1, 1934
Woolland Bros.	January 1, 1934
Harrods	January 8, 1934
Peter Robinson	January 8, 1934

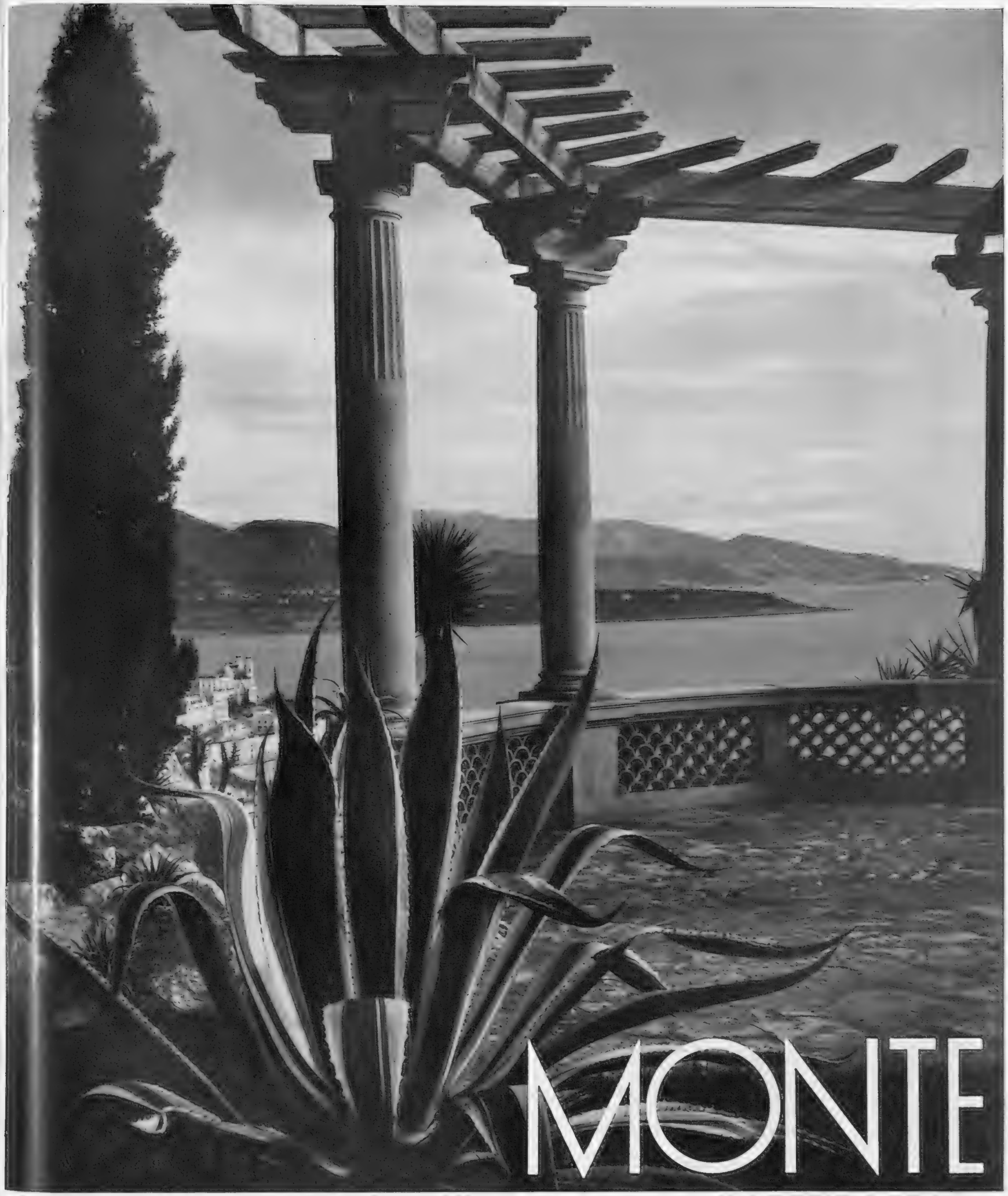
Remnants are a great standby, and every Thursday during January will find eager searchers at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge, where special velvets are being offered at 12s. 9d. instead of 21s. 9d. a yard.

Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street, W., are having a special fabric week during the second week in January, Fridays and Saturdays being remnant days. They are issuing a special fur catalogue, which will gladly be sent on request, as it would not be possible to do justice to their wonderful stock and remarkably moderate prices in the ordinary sale catalogue.

Perfectly tailored suits and coats from a well-known firm are at all times a sound investment, but when a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. is offered they simply must not be neglected. Studd and Millington of 51, Conduit Street, W., are making such a reduction on all made-to-measure garments ordered during their sale.

Shown on the left of this page are a suit and coat from Burberry's, in the Haymarket. Scotch fleece topcoats, warm and light, and amazingly hard wearing, cost only six guineas during their sale, and are obtainable in many colours. Ready-to-wear costumes, which until Christmas cost from ten to twelve guineas, are available for six-and-a-half guineas in tweeds, saxonies, or worsteds, in all colours, including navy blue. So wide is the range that almost everybody could find a suit to fit them, but made-to-measure costumes may be ordered from eight and nine guineas.

Make out a list of everything you want, and make up your mind that, whatever happens, you will not be persuaded to alter it in the slightest degree. Then the January sales will provide not only the possibilities of adventure, but the certainty of financial success.

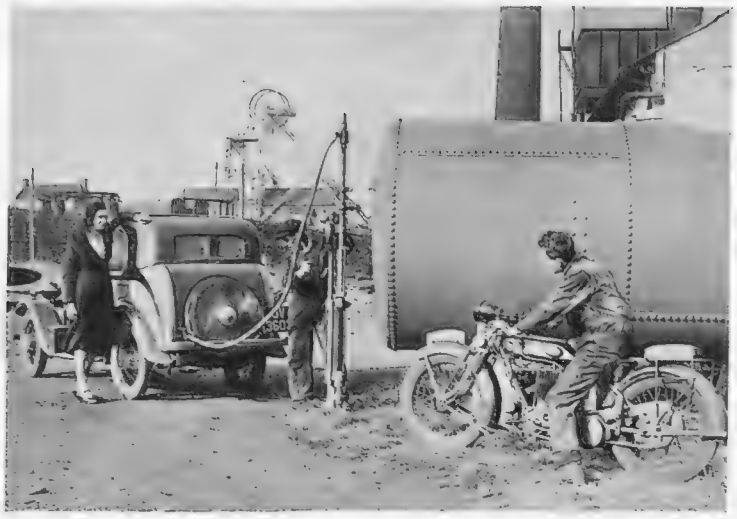


When the day's sports are over, when thoughts turn to dressing and cocktails, twilight descends on Monte Carlo with incredible loveliness—a myriad twinkling lights awake—the gay night has begun.

CARLO

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW

and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day.



PETROL FROM ENGLISH COAL: Motorists enjoying the novelty of filling their tanks at the pit-head at Leacroft, Cannock Chase, with some of the first petrol ever made in England by distillation from coal

A CYCLE MADE FOR—TWELVE! A "multi-cycle" made by Messrs. Singer of Coventry forty years ago to seat twelve people. Some time ago it was divided in two; half of it is shown in the picture, still in use; the other half cannot be traced

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

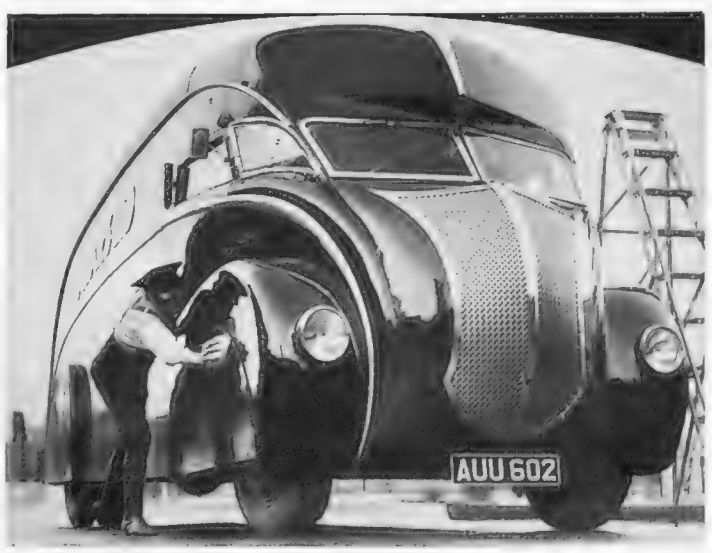
Now that we have baby cars that can be made to travel at speeds in excess of 120 m.p.h., it seems to me that the time, as the Americans would say, is right here for something smaller to be produced. It is now quite a number of years since Sir Herbert Austin startled the world by producing his now famous "baby." At that time everyone thought it was far too small for practical use and that the occupants, if any could be squeezed into it, would have to dismount and push it up every hill they encountered. To-day, if someone brought forth a 4-h.p. sub-baby car, the critics would rush into print and declare that the car was impractical. However, with the experience gained by manufacturers in the baby car class, a 4-h.p. car could definitely be made and it would be popular. I wonder very much who will be the first to supply this model. I know it does seem incredible that anyone should seriously suggest that a car with pistons about the size of a fattened-up thimble should be able to propel a vehicle carrying, at any rate two people, along the road. Still the day may come when we shall look upon even this type of engine as quite a large unit.

Truly this is an amazing world, for who would have imagined that because some enterprising body of people desire to build a road, erect a few picturesque buildings and enclose the whole lot within rustic fences, they could be accused of desiring to violate the beauties of the "Downs." Still there are two people out of every ten who are anti-something or other. They never seem to be concerned, as they should be, as to what they are doing themselves, for they are far too busy trying to stop other people from going about their business and enjoying themselves without hurting others. Now I happen to know the particular site where the proposed Brighton track is to be built. Perhaps I should not have used the word "track" because it is merely a road and not a concrete saucer. Anything more desolate, bleak, and uninviting than the particular spot in question it would be difficult to imagine, so how people have the impertinence to get up on their hind legs and suggest that the building of a road would spoil the rustic beauties of the Downs passes my comprehension. I am not blind to the fact that there is a very real and audible opposition to the Brighton Road Racing Scheme, but I question whether it is opposed by these people on the score of desecration of scenery, because I fancy that the cries against the scheme arise from that annoying urge which seems to be deep-rooted in the breasts of many Englishmen to prevent anything new being built or happening, whilst it is possible to sit among the cobwebs, and cling to the relics of the past.

There is nothing new in this opposition, for it has happened in every generation. Not that I remember it, but I am told on good authority that when the railways were first introduced several towns organized opposition to their coming near, with such wonderful effect that to-day the children of these opposers curse daily their forbears because there is a long walk to the station. I am also told that the surveyors who went out in certain places to lay out the ground for the permanent way were in some instances shot at for their pains in trying to assist progress. I suppose, therefore, that if we have only shouts instead of bullets we must consider ourselves lucky! When Brooklands Motor Course was built there were screams of a similar nature. The wonderful views were to be completely spoilt, although the views that did exist were situated within a private domain where the public were not permitted to roam, and so they were never enjoyed except by the proprietors and their personal friends. The track may have altered the landscape, but its building has certainly permitted the public who come to watch the racing to see what is even now quite a pleasant aspect, whereas before they did not even have the chance. The building of the Brighton course will probably have exactly the same effect, by attracting large numbers of people to the Downs who would otherwise have sat on a crowded stretch of shingle miles away.

If motor racing does nothing else it does teach quite a large number of people to be accurate, not only in what they do but in what they say. Only the other day I read in one of the London evening papers an article, by a contributor who writes under the initials A.A.B., which asserted that speed necessarily means noise. The assumption obviously was that noise is an unpleasant thing, and even if I grant the writer that much I must very emphatically contradict his assertion that speed means noise. I don't suppose, for one moment, the gentleman in question has ever been to Brooklands, for if he had he would have seen some of the fastest cars on the track going round, travelling probably at over 130 m.p.h. with scarcely a sound coming from them. I can only imagine that his ears must be so distorted that they consider the passing of such a vehicle is more disturbing than a horse-drawn coal cart travelling over cobble-stones. Has A.A.B. ever considered that the light rays from the sun, which I trust he enjoys, travel quite fast and yet do not make a sound?

THE 20-25-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE SALOON: The chassis is the standard 20-25-h.p. type, with long wheel-base, easy change gear-box, and untarnishable mountings. The five-seater body by a high-class coach-builder is a full-sized saloon having four large doors and windows, all of which, like the front screen, are glazed with reinforced glass



THE COMMERCIAL VEHICLE OF THE FUTURE: A Wembley firm has just taken delivery of this new stream-lined lorry. It is mounted on a Commer 2-ton forward control chassis, and its sweeping lines make it an object of considerable interest in traffic

I suppose that every owner of a motor car has been worried during the last long period of frost as to how to prevent the water in the circulating system from freezing. No doubt some have bought elaborate stoves, others have added anti-freezing liquids to the water, and although these measures are usually quite effective, I am still of the opinion that the best way to battle King Cold is to drain the water off in the evening before putting the car away for the night. This method requires more trouble to be taken but it has two great advantages. First of all, no matter how far the mercury in the thermometer descends there is no possibility of any damage being done. Secondly, there is no risk of the electric power failing or the paraffin running short. Further, the circulating system can be replenished in the morning with hot water which makes starting so much easier.

Undoubtedly, there are dishonest garages where inferior grades of oil are passed off on the unsuspecting motorist as high-grade lubricant. The Wakefield Company who market the well-known Castrol brand of oil are ever on the watch for fraud of this nature, but they point out quite rightly that no matter how efficient they are in this respect they can do very little without the co-operation of the individual owner. They suggest, and I heartily agree with them, that when oil is ordered the grade, as well as the brand, should be distinctly specified. If the choice is Castrol then observation should be kept to see that the oil comes from a properly labelled cabinet It is also well to remember that any article which is well and consistently advertised is bound to be good and actually cheaper in the long run. Firms that do not proclaim their goods from the housetops may be in this way able to undercut their better-known competitors, but unless the motor owner is an analytical chemist and is able to test the oil for himself, he would be well advised to use oil that comes from a firm that is well known, such as C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd.

Entries for the thirteenth Automobile Rally closed on Christmas Eve, with a large British entry. No fewer than nine Rileys have been entered, two of which are being driven by women, Mrs. Muriel Stanton and Miss D. C. N. Champney. Lord de Clifford, who has been very near winning the prize before, is entered again with a Lagonda. M. Vasselle, last year's winner, has entered with a Hotchkiss. M. Vasselle won last year the International Sporting Club Cup, the Challenge Cup of *Le Journal*, and the Challenge Cup of *L'Illustration Automobile*, and the Country Club Cup. M. Vasselle has carried off the honours for two years in succession, but he has been run close by Mr. M. D. Healey. Last year several competitors who were well in the running were beaten by huge snowdrifts, especially those who came by way of Budapest and Vienna.

The competitors for the Rally have a great many prizes and cups offered. M. René Léon, President of the Organizing Committee, has presented another Trophy reserved for Members of the Monte Carlo Rally, British Competitors' Club, to be won outright by the member who attains the highest marks three years in succession; also the Scotch Royal Automobile Club are offering a Cup to the competitor starting from Scotland who gains the highest marks.

"I'm a plain Pugilist—

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FLORENCE

(Continued from p. 520)

believe it to be part of a very old church, not later than the eighth century, and the continuance of the work is likely to reveal remarkable evidence of the architectural style practised in Tuscany at that very early period.

I was taken over the excavations by Signore Ingegnere Sampaolese, who affirmed his belief that the building is an oratory, which was subsequently used as a burial place, or, as Signore Sampaolese thinks quite likely, was filled up, at some period of rebuilding, by earth from a neighbouring burial place, which would thus account for the numerous bones and skulls which have been found during the course of the excavations.

A curious characteristic of this building is the round, stone construction, with the roof sloping towards the centre in the manner of some of the circular Etruscan tombs. All round it are arched recesses, or loculi, and on the walls are traces of frescoes representing Christ Crucified and Christ in Glory. There are also faint outlines of a coat of arms which, if it can be traced, may provide an interesting commentary. The discovery of this seventh or eighth century building is certainly of the utmost importance, and there is little doubt that, as the work of excavation proceeds, we shall have a very interesting record of a period of which very little has been known.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART

(Continued from p. 512)

the favourite outdoor occupations of the English — hunting, shooting, coaching, horse-racing, etc. — constitute another feature. Stubbs, who stands in a class apart, is seen in six pictures, one of which, "The Reapers," lent by Lord Bearsted, shows a squire riding round his farm to encourage the reapers at their work.

The humorous and imaginative draughtsmen are also shown. Rowlandson is at his best in the famous drawing called "The Staircase," where a fashionable crowd is thrown into confusion by the fall of a fat man on the staircase at a reception. And at the other end of the scale there are Blake drawings from Mr. Graham Robertson's great collection, and some works by Blake's followers, Edward Calvert and Samuel Palmer. Characteristic Pre-Raphaelite paintings and drawings are lent by the provincial galleries and private owners.

R. H. W.

ECONOMIC CENTRAL HEATING: A Berlin company is trying an interesting experiment in 160 houses in the municipality of Steglitz. Instead of each home having its separate heating system, a plant in the neighbourhood supplies all the steam required through pipes connecting with the various basements. This considerably reduces household expenditure, and is greatly appreciated for the amount of time saved from stoking up and lighting furnaces. This picture shows the central plant and the supply pipes

Champagne Prospects

The public will be interested to learn that Messrs. Bollinger have recently shown their 1928 Vintage Champagne. This is universally recognized as being of exceptionally fine quality and is, in Messrs. Bollinger's opinion, the finest wine shipped since the famous vintage of 1904. Connoisseurs will, with glad memories, recall the latter's superb qualities and it will cause the highest satisfaction to all lovers of champagnes to know that Bollinger 1928, a wine fully the equal of this incomparable vintage, is now available.

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The Society report that three old *Arethusa* boys were selected for the crew of the *Discovery II*, and have sailed in this ship for the Antarctic. This speaks well for the training received by poor boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa*, where they are trained for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. The Society are making a special appeal for donations towards the £7,500 still needed to pay for balance of cost of fitting out the new Training Ship which has replaced the old *Arethusa*. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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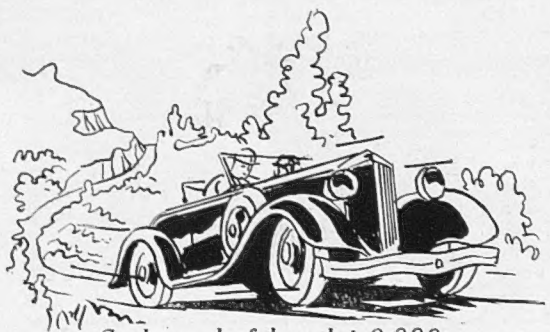

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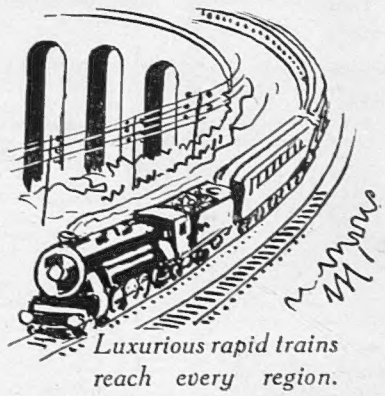

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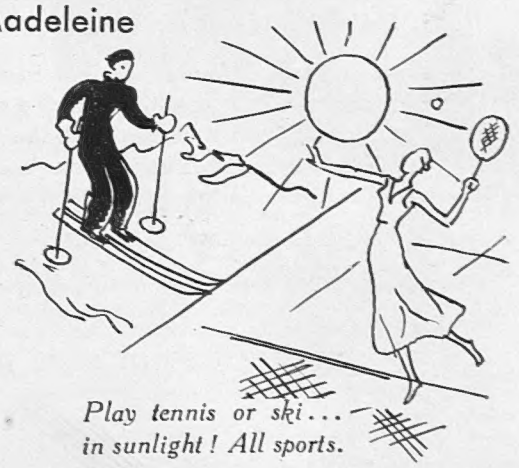

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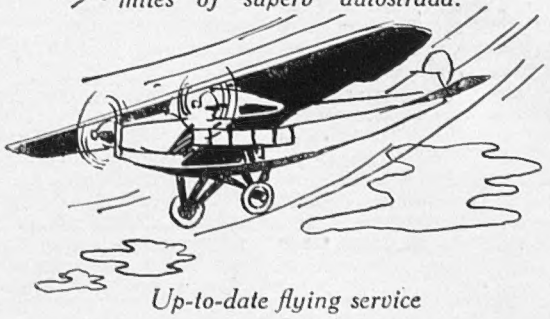

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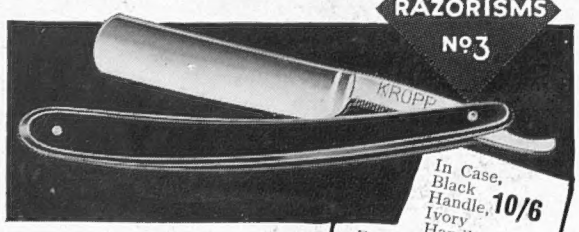

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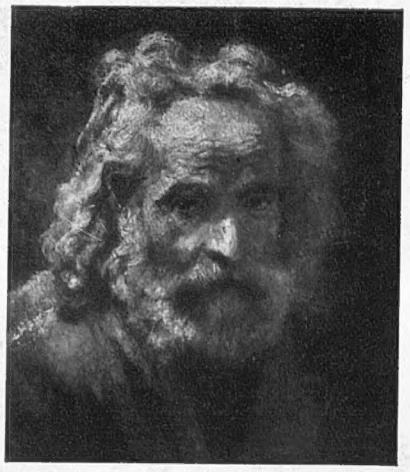

"PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH LONG WHITE HAIR": A Rembrandt from the Earl Howe collection which sold for 2,000 guineas at Christie's

Like the Houses of Parliament, the leading sale-rooms of London closed their session on Thursday, December 21, and buyers and sellers, together with the Members of the House of Commons, are enjoying a vacation until the last week in January. Whatever may be said of the work at Westminster there is no denying the revival of interest and keenness which has been shown during the autumn months in the sale-rooms. It was quite like old times to have to push one's way into the great room at Messrs. Christie's on December 7, when they were selling Earl Howe's pictures.

"PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN WITH A RED CAP": A Rembrandt from the Earl Howe collection which sold for 900 guineas

The bidding never dropped, and the result was greatly in excess of the most optimistic estimate. For the ninety-two lots belonging to Earl Howe (known to most of us for his fame in the motoring world) the sum of £19,732 was realized. The highest price, 2,100 guineas, was given for Cuyp's "Milking Time," showing a river scene with a grassy bank in the foreground, on which there is a group of cows with a peasant woman milking a black-and-white cow. Though an excellent price in itself, it falls far short of the stupendous sum of £21,000 given for his picture of the Maas in 1928. The quite small Rembrandt (9½ in. by 8 in.), "A Man with Long White Hair," fetched 2,000 guineas, while the lesser picture, also by Rembrandt, of an old man with a red cap, realized 900 guineas.

Two pictures by Jacob van Ruisdael, "A Sea Piece" and "A River Scene with a Man in a Boat," were sold for 440 guineas each, while another, "River Scene," by Salomon van Ruisdael, was knocked down for 620 guineas. Two pictures of Old London taken from the river, showing St. Paul's from Adelphi Terrace in one and Westminster from the Surrey side in the other, reached the sum of 600 guineas—a considerable advance on the 250 guineas realized on their former appearance in the sale-room in 1905. They were interesting pictures, though lacking something of the charm of Birket Foster's "On the Thames at Greenwich," sold a week or so ago at Messrs. Sotheby's.

"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, THE RIVER, AND OLD LONDON BRIDGE": One of a pair which fetched 600 guineas at Christie's

There have been two important silver sales during the past month, both at Messrs. Christie's—one being part of Earl Howe's collection from Penn House, and the other from the late Mr. John Girdwood of Edinburgh. The great Howe dinner service, bearing the arms of Richard William Penn, 1st Earl Howe, which included eighty-four dinner plates, besides twenty-four soup plates, meat dishes, entrée dishes, and soup tureens, was sold in fifteen lots, and realized £1,800. The highest price, per oz., was given for a Charles I fruit dish of tazza form, which rose from an opening bid of 40s. per oz. to no less than 600s. per oz, which cost the purchaser just over £480. A pair of George II candlesticks, dated 1734, by Paul Lamerie made £219 15s. 2d. and a pair of Queen Anne silver gilt bowls and covers, 1704, realized £280.

The silver which came from Edinburgh was largely the work of Scottish silversmiths and had a particular interest for collectors. The late Mr. Girdwood chose every object from a personal point of view rather than for its monetary value in the sale-room. No startling prices were reached, but most of the silver sold very well. A small Charles II bell-shaped jug rose to 580s. per oz.; the Scottish tea service illustrated in THE SPHERE a few weeks ago realized £374; a George II tea kettle sold for £492; and a James I plain wine cup for £164. There was a great drop in sale-room value in the Queen Anne oval wine cistern, which only obtained £543. It came originally from the Earl of Home's collection; and when it was sold fourteen years ago it realized £1,155, more than double the price to-day. The drop has been attributed to some repairs, not too successfully done, to the base.

The first portion of Mr. Edson Bradley's collection of Chinese porcelain brought many people to King Street, where the bidding was exceptionally keen, bringing a total of £11,264. A sixteenth century Ming vase, of double gourd shape (13½ in. high), realized 640 guineas, a pair of Buddhistic lions 160 guineas, and a Ming altar vase, decorated in cloisonné style, with dragons pursuing the Flaming Pearl, 560 guineas.

In many country houses to-day great zest is shown in making tapestry covers for settees and chairs, and even fair-sized carpets are achieved. It will probably interest the workers to know that the energy shown by certain ladies, the Misses Rowland, about 200 years ago, in making a needlework carpet in brilliant coloured wools on a black background brought their descendants £390, when their work was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on December 15.

There were two good book sales at Messrs. Sotheby's: one on Monday of last week, offering a rare atlas by Battista Agnese, made in 1555, with twenty-five double page maps illuminated in gold and colours. There are sixty-three atlases in which Agnese's work can be recognized, but most of these are in public libraries. Another sale, just before Christmas, featured a fascinating fifteenth-century manuscript poem, "La Sfera," by Dati. This poem, besides describing the Planetary Sphere, gives an account of many cities in Asia, North Africa, and on the Mediterranean Sea, these cities being given in coloured drawings down the side of the page.

SOLD FOR 160 GUINEAS: A pair of Buddhistic lions auctioned at Christie's this month

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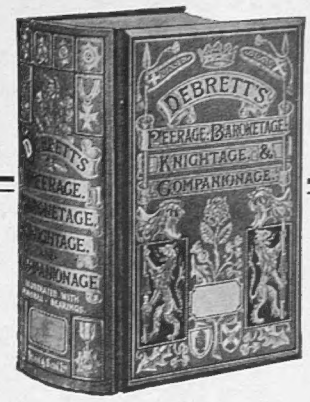

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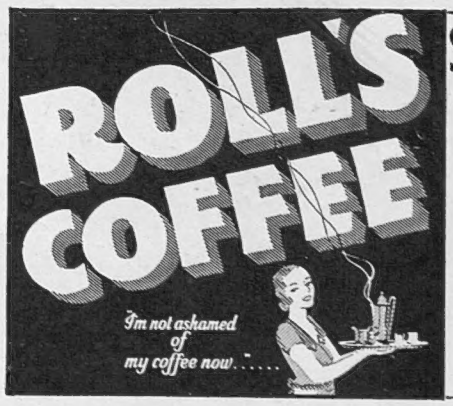

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